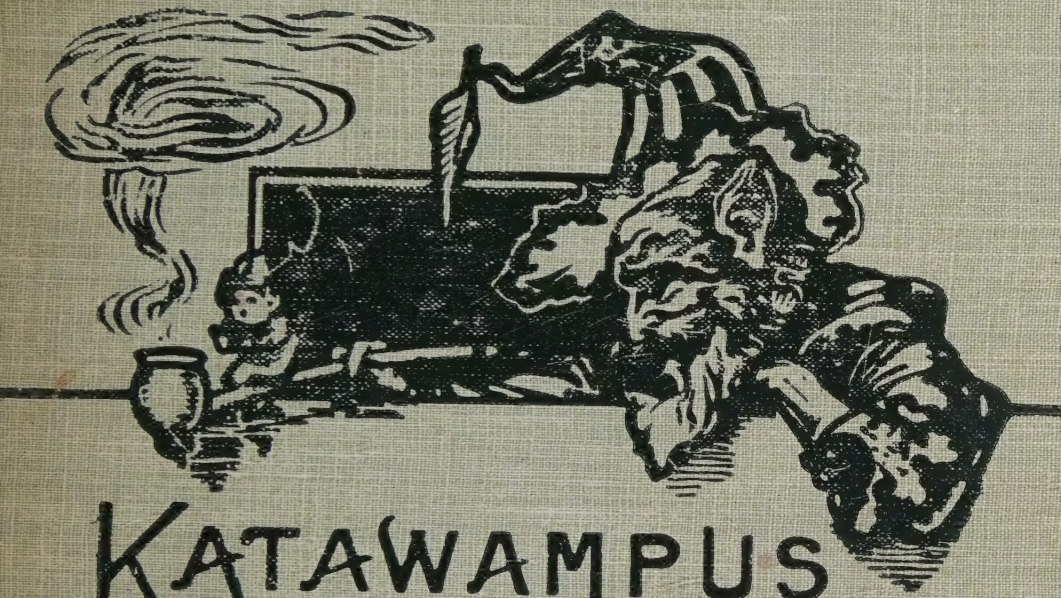
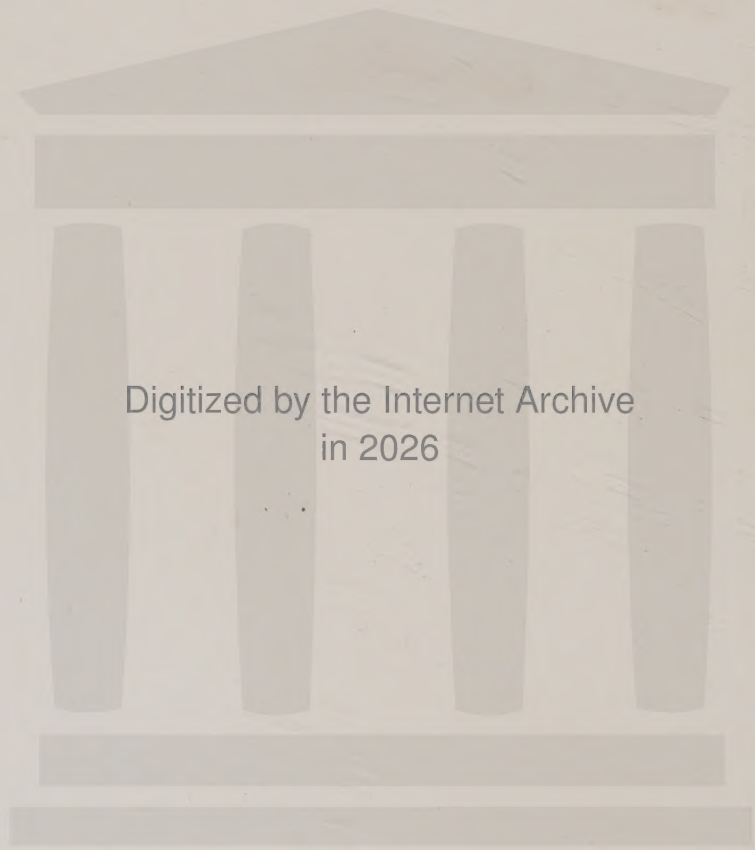


KATAWAMPUS

Its Treatment & Cure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KATAWAMPUS

First Edition—*Printed September 1895*
Second Edition—*Printed December 1895*
Third Edition—*Printed October 1898*
Fourth Edition—*Printed February 1902*
Fifth Edition—*Printed December 1910*

KATAWAMPUS

ITS TREATMENT & CURE

BY

HIS HONOUR JUDGE

EDWARD ABBOTT PARRY

ILLUSTRATED BY

ARCHIE MACGREGOR

LONDON
DAVID NUTT, 57–59 LONG ACRE
1910

TO THOSE VIRTUOUS AND
WELL-BEHAVED CHILDREN
HELEN, DOROTHY, JOAN
AND HUMFFREYS THIS
VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED BY THEIR
AFFECTIONATE PATER

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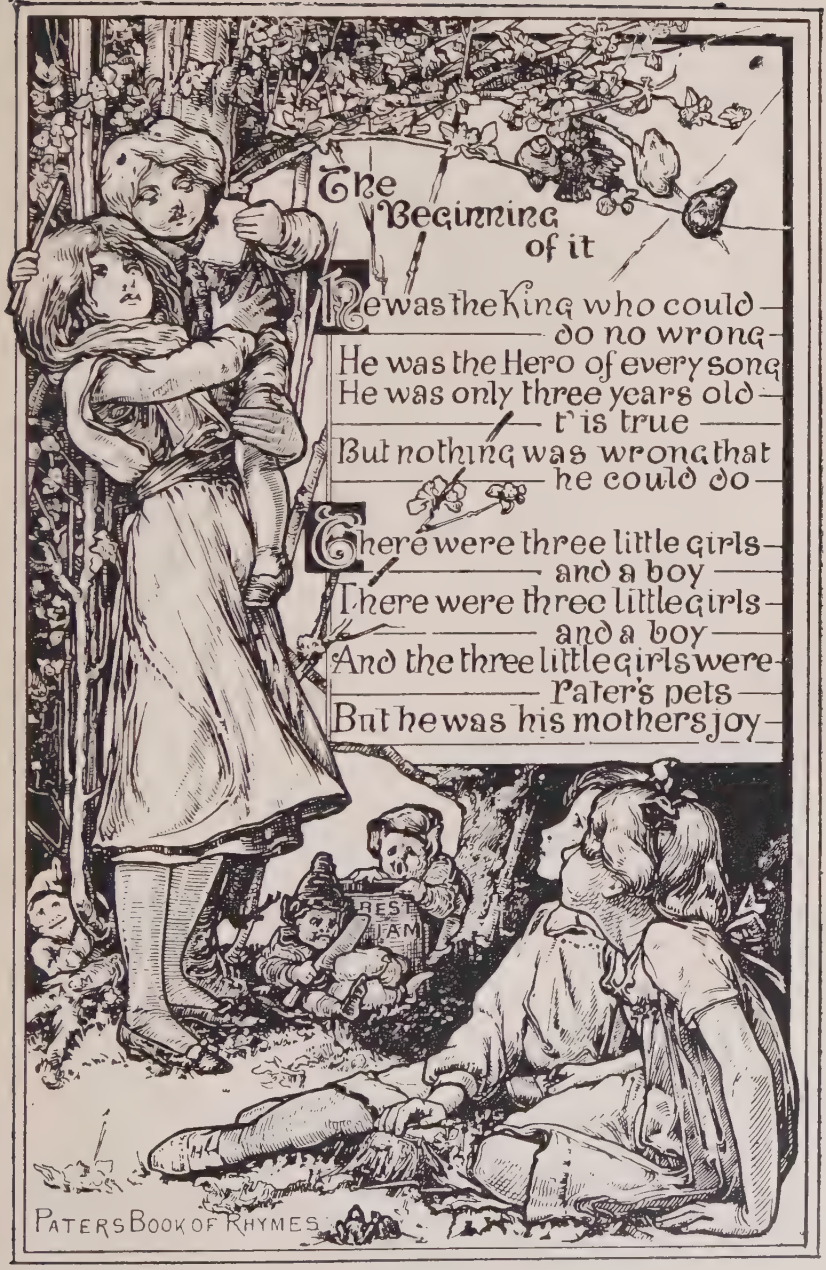
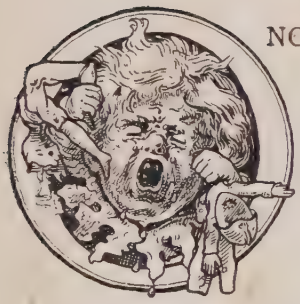

The Beginning of it
He was the King who could do no wrong
He was the Hero of every song
He was only three years old — t' is true
But nothing was wrong that he could do
There were three little girls and a boy
There were three little girls and a boy
And the three little girls were Pater's pets
But he was his mothers joy
BEST I AM
PATERS BOOK OF RHYMES

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNING OF IT



ONCE upon a time there lived a father and a mother, who had three little girls and a laddie boy. The three little girls were called Olga, Molly, and Kate, and the laddie boy was called Tom, and they all called their father "Pater," which Olga, who was learning Latin, would tell you meant father, though she could not decline it, having only got as far as declining *puella*, a girl. Now, although the laddie boy was named Tom, nobody ever called him Tom. He was the baby, and was only three years old, yet he already had a pocket in his blouse, two pairs of "towsers" and any number of nicknames. Pater called him "the Deputy," or the "Deputy Policeman," for Pater was a kind of policeman himself, and sat in a little Court-house, and sent naughty people to prison. Mother, and the three little girls, called him "Ducky Daddles," "The Nobleman," "Good as gold," "Mother's Pet," and a great many other names that I cannot remember; but when you forgot them, and you generally did forget them, you called him Tomakin, and he answered to that best. Tom, however,

was his real name, not Thomas, which came about in this way.

As you may know, the first thing to do with a baby after you have washed and dressed him and brushed his hair—if he has any—is to take him round to the office where they put babies' names in a book. The man who kept this book—which is the biggest book in the world—and has no less than five thousand and one volumes all bound in blue leather with brass clasps, was very busy the day Mother went round with Tom, and told Mother not to come fussing round with names of that sort; that Tom was not a name at all, and that he must be called Thomas. Mother would not have that at all, and told the man that Pater was called Tom, and pater's father was called Tom, and Tom he must be. Of course, mother had her own way, just as she always had—and as all mothers ought to have—and so he was written down in the book as Tom, plain and simple. After that mother called him Tomakin, "just for short," as she said, and to keep him from getting mixed up with Pater.

Now, I ought to tell you something of the three little girls. Olga was nine years old, and had read a great many books, and thought herself very wise and clever. She had dark hair, and brown eyes, and was very tall. But though, as I said before, she had begun to learn Latin, she could not put herself to bed, and she often forgot to shut the door after her when she went out of the room. Molly was seven years old, and a great chatterbox. If you have read "Pater's Book of Rhymes" you will remember how she is described in that lovely poem called "The Snarleyow"; but for those who have never read that pretty book, I will set down just one verse which describes her very well:

The Beginning of It

Oh Molly, yes, I must confess
Is as good as good can be,
Though I can't deny I've heard her cry
When she didn't get toast for tea.

She had two blue eyes of an extra size
And her head was made of tow ow-ow
And when told to be good she often would
And never said "Sha'n't!" or "No!"

Like all poetry, the last two lines are made to sound nice, but were not quite true, as you will hear.

Kate was very like the little girl you have all heard of, who had a curl hanging down from the middle of her forehead. "When she was good, she was very, very good, and when she was bad, she was horrid." But that would not have been written about Kate, because Kate had no curls, but short hair like Tomakin's, only more fluffy. As for Tomakin, he was, as Cousin Susan used to say, "rare, rosy, and ripping." He began to sing and romp at six in the morning, and he was ready to sing and romp until six in the evening, with short intervals for breakfast, dinner, and tea, excursions in a mail-cart, or looking at pictures of doggies and gee-gees.

Well, these four children lived with Pater and Mother by the seaside in Ireland, in a house close to the beach, and by the side of a beautiful stream, which came rushing down a high mountain not far from their home, and you would think that they ought all to have been so good and happy that no story of any interest could be written about them. But it was quite otherwise. Sad to say, although they had plenty of toys and picture-books, and nice things to eat,

and pretty warm clothes to wear, and as good a time as children could have; things did not go at all well. Every now and then one of them would cry or howl or say "sha'n't" or "won't" or "don't care," or stamp and pout, or lie on its back and kick, or slap or punch the other, or tease and call the other names, or refuse to eat its food, and all this without any reason whatever.

This state of things was quite catching, and if one of them began it, you were sure to have another at it before long, and then another, until at last even little Tomakin would begin, and that somehow seemed the worst of all. Well, I can tell you this made Pater and Mother very sad, and they did not know what to do. At first, they used to send for the doctor, but he only shook his head and said "Ugh! temper," and got out of the house as quickly as he could. The nurse called it "tantrums," and tried putting them in the corner, but once she put Kate in a damp corner where she caught a bad cold which was worse than the "tantrums" itself.

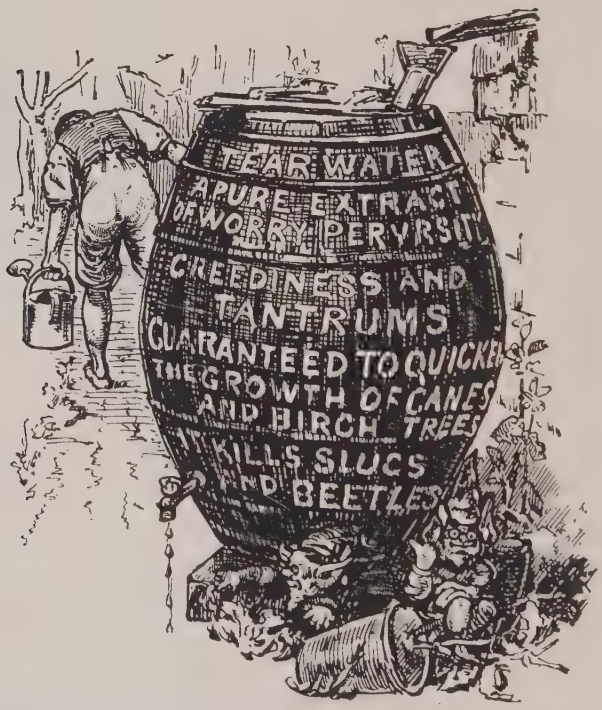
After that Mother used to have all the corners aired, which was a great trouble and not much use either. Pater tried giving them sweeties, but Mother thought this only made things worse, and so no doubt it did. At last, having heard that a birch rod was really the best thing for them, Pater had a silver birch-rod tree sent over from Spank Island by his uncle who was the Governor there, and planted the little tree in a sheltered nook in the garden, where he used to water it carefully every day, waiting for the time when it would be big enough to gather twigs off. Well, it grew very slowly indeed, and this sad behaviour of these little children might have gone on for many years, if Pater had not gone bathing on Christmas Day.

The Beginning of It

Now Christmas Day is a very strange day for human men to go bathing, and that is just the reason that sprites and goblins and fairies all choose it to have a good wash once a year, because they like to have the sea empty when they are bathing, and no one to interfere when they roll about on the

sands to dry themselves. But I do not think Pater knew this when he went to bathe. It happened this way. Santa Klaus, having thought that these children were really trying to be good—and perhaps the poor little things were though they did not succeed very well—had filled up their stockings with all sorts of beautiful dolls, paint-boxes, tops, crackers and sweety boxes, and then the postman had come round with a big sack of Christmas cards and parcels, and wished them all a Merry Christmas. And a merry Christmas Mother and Pater thought they would all have, when the

children went off into the nursery with their new playthings. However, just as Mother and Pater were beginning to say to each other what nice little children theirs were when they were good, they heard a frightful noise upstairs. Rushing up to the nursery, a sad sight met their eyes. Olga, with a



face as long as a fiddle, was complaining that Molly had taken one of her Christmas Cards. Molly was lying on her back and kicking; Kate was fighting with Tomakin over his soldiers; and Tomakin was crying and hitting Kate with a hoop-stick.

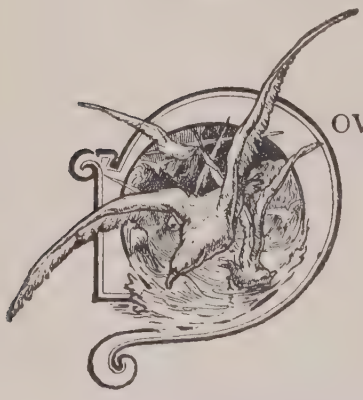
Pater was more sad than angry, and taking them one by one he locked them in different rooms by themselves. Then he went out and watered the birch-tree with tear-water, a stock of which was kept for the purpose, and walked off very mournful and unhappy along the beach.

CHAPTER II

PATER'S BATHE

You can take a tub with a rub and a scrub in a two-foot tank
of tin,
You can stand and look at the whirling brook and think
about jumping in,
You can chatter and shake in the cold black lake, but the
kind of bath for me,
Is to take a dip from the side of a ship, in the trough of
the rolling sea.
You may lie and dream in the bed of a stream when an
August day is dawning,
Or believe 'tis nice to break the ice on your tub of a winter
morning,
You may sit and shiver beside the river, but the kind of
bath for me
Is to take a dip from the side of a ship, in the trough of
the rolling sea.

PATER'S *Book of Rhymes.*



NOW it so happened that this Christmas Day, instead of being cold and frosty, was as bright, sunny, and warm as the first of May in a poetry-book. It was a lovely morning. The blue-green sea broke up into long ridges of white as it neared the shore. And as each wave curled over to break upon the yellow sand, the white crest of it hung for a moment

to look into the depth of its glassy green hollow, as if to catch a glimpse of its own beauty.

As Pater walked along the beach he could see the white gulls running along the edge of the waves or dipping down into the sea after little fishes. Every now and then, two of them would go after the same fish, and then there would be a scream and a tussle, and the one that got it would sail away over the sea, with the other one after it crying out noisily as if in anger. Then a lot of others would join in the chase, all squawking and squealing, just as though they had "tantrums," and Pater was very puzzled why the gulls went on like this on Christmas day and did not behave any better than the children at home. Well, he went along for about a mile or two, until he got tired and sat down on a rock to watch the waves. The water seemed so pleasant to look at, that he felt tempted to bathe, and before he had really made up his mind whether he would or not, he noticed that he was sitting upon a big bath-towel, while his bathing-dress was lying on the beach. "This is very odd," thought Pater, "for I never remember carrying it with me, but as it's here I'll use it," and in thirty seconds or perhaps thirty-one, Pater was swimming away in the sea, with the gulls whirling round his head and screaming at him as though they were cross at being disturbed.

Strange to say, the sea was not cold at all, but quite warm and cosy, and Pater enjoyed his swim greatly. He had not got much past the sixth wave or so when he noticed that there were a lot of other folk bathing besides himself and the sea-gulls. Strange little round-headed goblins with chubby faces, and bright eyes like Tomakin, who turned head-over-heels in the water like dolphins; big, ugly,

wide-mouthed ogres, who floated on the water like the hippopotamus at the Zoological Gardens, looking so sleek and sleepy, that Pater was not a bit afraid of them, and swam round and round them in wonder and surprise, to have a good look at them.

But the most delightful and enchanting thing of all was that every now and then, in and out among the gulls, came delicate light tripping fairies, dancing on the top of the waves, their light gossamer wings spotted with stars of gold and bright colours all sparkling in the sun; and Pater thought them to be the most beautiful creatures he had ever beheld. Some of these joined hands and danced in a ring on the top of the surf as the waves broke, singing a lovely song, while others hung in the air with their wings outstretched, playing sweet music upon hollow shells, or beating two little pebbles together to keep time. "This is very pretty," thought Pater, "I must tell the children about it," and he turned over on his back in the water to watch the dance more comfortably. The fairies took no notice of him whatever, and the little goblins kept sporting round so near him that at last he made a grab at one of them, and nearly caught him.

"Leave those goblins alone, can't you," shouted a gruff voice near him.

Pater looked up and saw the queerest sight he had ever seen. Sitting upon the top of a wave with his hands clasped round his knees, and his big feet in the first position in dancing, was a little old man who looked anything over a hundred years old. He had rather large, pointed ears, squinney little black eyes, white eyebrows, a thin pointed white beard, and a sharp hooked nose. He was fully dressed

A.G.M.

in a close fitting jacket and sleeves, half of which was yellow and half blue; furthermore, one leg of his trousers and one of his long pointed boots was yellow, while the other was blue, and he wore a tall cap—dunce's shape—which was striped blue and yellow all the way up and ended in a blue feather. He seemed somewhat of a dwarf, and rather round-shouldered, but that may have been from the way he was sitting.

"Leave those goblins alone," he shouted again. "They are mine."

"I wasn't hurting them," began Pater.

"You might have, you know," said the little man, and with that he kicked out one leg and sent a splash of salt water right down Pater's mouth and into his eyes. This made Pater very angry, and he stopped swimming, and began to spit and splutter and use very cross words. As he was out of his depth and no longer swimming, a wave came right over his head and he got another mouthful of water and a good big one it was. This set all the little goblins laughing for miles round, and they made such a noise that the fairies stopped dancing, and you might have heard the shouts of laughter on the top of the mountains if you had been there to listen.

Pater was at first for going at that little man, and ducking him, but he had such a merry roguish twinkle in his eye, and looked so fluffy and good-natured that you could could not be angry with him. He was wet too himself now, having tumbled over backwards when he kicked out at Pater, but he did not seem to mind a bit, and sat on the top of a wave again, laughing as loud as the goblins.

"How are the kiddies?" he asked politely.

"Quite well, thank you," answered Pater.

"Good as gold or snarly as sawdust?" asked the little man.

Seeing that he was speaking to a stranger and that it was rather an impudent question to ask, Pater said, "H-m! well, they are pretty good children, thank you."

"Fibs!" shouted the little man, "fibs! They are snarly as sawdust!" and he laughed so loud that he fell back over the top of a wave slap into the water again, saying, as he disappeared, "Pinch him! He's telling fibs."

Then all the little goblins gathered round Pater and began to pinch him, and he would have been black and blue in ten seconds if the fairies had not taken his part and pulled the goblins away; and the ogres roused themselves and told the goblins to stop their noise and go away, if they did not want to be eaten.

Well, Pater was so frightened that he swam away as hard as he could for the shore, and when he got there he could find all his clothes, but no bath-towel, and this annoyed him very much, for he felt cold and wanted a good rub down. As the tide had now come up to the rock on which he had been sitting, the most comfortable place to dress seemed to be in the big hollow of a sand-hill near by, which Pater and the children often used for a "home," when they played Hide and Seek. Walking up to this, all wet and dripping, and carrying his clothes with him, he was surprised and annoyed to find the little man sitting on his bath-towel, just finishing getting into a dry suit of clothes, the same colour and shape as those I told you of. Several little goblins were helping him to dress, or else spreading out his wet clothes to dry.

"That was a nasty tumble," he said, nodding to Pater and

laughing at him. "You should never laugh when you are sitting on the top of a wave; it's not wise to smile, you know, unless you smile very evenly, but it takes years of practice to laugh!"

Pater was very angry with him. "Give me my bath-towel," he said, looking quite crossly at the little man, who, however, only laughed louder than ever. "Give me my bath-towel at once," repeated Pater.

"I brought it out, you know," said the little man, winking one eye. "You didn't, did you?"

"I'm not sure about that," said Pater; "but it's mine all the same."

"Say 'please,' then," said the little man, holding it up.

"Well, 'please,'" said Pater, quite grumpily, and rather shocked to find he had forgotten it. Indeed, Pater must have been very much put about indeed to forget to say "please," even to a funny little man who had got his bath-towel.

The little man handed it to him, and Pater snatched it rather rudely, I am sorry to say.

Now Mother always marked the bath-towels with a little slip of tape with Pater's name on in red, and when Pater took this bath-towel, the red letters caught his eye; but Pater's name was not there at all, only just these four letters instead, K R A B.

"Why, this isn't my towel at all," said Pater, in a tone of surprise.

"Knew that all the time," laughed the little man. "Be quiet," he said smartly to the goblins, for they were already jumping round Pater, crying out, "He said it was his. Fibs again! Fibs again!"

"No," continued the little man, "it's mine; but now you have said 'please,' you are very welcome to it."

"I'm afraid you will think me very rude about it," said Pater, "but it was so like our towels at home, and thinking I had left it on the beach, you see——"

"My experience of towels," said the little man, gravely, "is that they are very much alike, and the best of them are a rough lot. That particular towel belonged to Leander, who used to swim across the Hellespont, you know; it was woven for him by Hero—you remember that story."

"Yes," said Pater, opening his eyes and looking closely at Krab.

"Well, when they died, poor things," continued Krab, sighing, "nobody wanted the towel, so one of the goblins brought it round to me, and I kept it. I had Leander's name unpicked, of course. It was rather badly done, for Hero never was much good at embroidery, and that's my name on it, as you see, 'KRAB.' 'Krab the Cave-man' they call me at home." So saying, he took out a little blue and yellow clay pipe, and began to fill it from a pouch that hung by his side; while Pater set to work to dry himself, for he was beginning to feel quite cold, and he found Leander's towel nearly as good for the purpose as the ones Mother gave him at home.

CHAPTER III

KRAB, THE CAVE-MAN

Then you feel as though you had seen a
Wild and wicked white hyæna,
And were trying just to imitate his whine;
Then you growl and say "don't care,"
Like a grisly Greenland bear,
Or a fidgety and fretful porcupine,
Who has got the Katawampus in his spine.

PATER'S *Book of Rhymes.*

KRAB sat and smoked and Pater dressed himself, while the goblins, instead of pinching him, laced up his boots, and shook the sand out of his hat, and made themselves quite agreeable.

"How was it?" asked Krab, lying back on the sand and puffing away at his pipe; "who began it?"

"Began what?" asked Pater.

"Why all that row in the nursery. We could hear it right out to sea, and the goblins wanted to be off right away and fetch the children away to my cave instead of getting a wash, and they can only have one once a year, you know."

Pater sighed. "I don't know how it is," he said sadly; "there is something wrong with our chicks, I believe."

"Pooh!" grunted Krab. "Pooh!"

"Have you any children, sir?" asked Pater.

"Not I," said Krab. "I know too much about them. I've enough trouble with other people's without any of my own."

"Indeed," said Pater. "How is that?"

"Why, I'm Krab! Krab the Cave-man. You've a poor memory. I suppose you don't remember me at all?" And he drew himself up to his full height, and took a yellow card with a blue edge out of his little pouch, which he handed to Pater with a low bow.

"I can't say I do," said Pater.

"No, you mortals are all alike; you never remember your best friends."

Pater took the card, and read as follows:—

KRAB
ESTABLISHED 1066
The Cave Man
Continues to Attend to the Children of the Nobility and Gentry
Children repaired with neatness & despatch. New Manners in all styles
Good tempers supplied and fixed and a liberal Allowance made for old ones.
KATAWAMPUS CURED
References to William the Conqueror and all the Kings & Queens of England
Also the following whose Children have attended the Classes
GOLD MEDAL MANCHESTER 1887
GOLD MEDAL LONDON 1066
Admiral Nosh ____ The Ark Ararat
Rev. T. A. Becket ____ The Vicarage Canterbury
Mrs Hubbard ____ The Cupboard Cheltenham
Professor Socrates ____ High School Athens
Sir Richard Whittington Mansion House London
Dr Gregory ____ 21 Powder Street Cavendish Sq.
and
His Honour Judge Parry ____ Manchester

"Neat business card, isn't it?" said Krab.

"Neat and not gaudy," replied Pater.

"I suppose you remember now?"

"Not I," said Pater.

"What things men are," grumbled Krab. "Why, I put you a new temper in, in 1854, and made you one of the best set of manners I ever turned out of the Cave. Why, I've got your old temper stowed away in the Cave somewhere yet. We could never make anything of it. It *was* a bad 'un. Why, I've offered it to several donkey-boys, but no one would have it. It would be a blessing to a donkey-boy with a really obstinate donkey; but you can't sell these second-hand goods. And I made nothing out of the job, and you pretend you don't know me." The little man got quite angry, and took his cap off and danced a hornpipe on it, watching his own toes to see the steps went right, and snapping his fingers by way of music.

Pater wanted to soothe him, and so changed the subject of conversation, and began to tell him all about Olga, Molly, Kate and Tomakin, and how good they were as a rule, but how they sometimes made faces, and stamped and kicked, and did naughty things. The Cave-man gave up dancing on his cap, and tried to put it into shape; but he could not, so Pater did it for him, and this quite pleased him. Then Pater told him about the birch-tree.

"That's no good," said the little man.

"Why not?" asked Pater.

"It will take a hundred years or so to grow, for one thing, and it's only good for 'tantrums' in any case."

"Well, nurse says our children have 'tantrums.'"

"All rubbish," said the Cave-man; "they've got Kata-wampus."

"What's the difference?" asked Pater.

"Well," said Krab, stroking his beard and appearing to think deeply, "it's very hard to explain. One great difference is that when you have tantrums you cry for what you cannot get, but in Katawampus, of course, you cannot get what you cry for."

KATAWAMPUS INSECT AS SEEN UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

"I never heard of Katawampus before," said Pater.

"Nonsense," said Krab. "Why, in the year 1854——"

"Oh! Ah! Yes," said Pater quickly; "*of course*, I forgot, in 1854, *of course*." And eager to turn the conversation from 1854, he asked in a meek way, "And what really is Katawampus?"

"Why, now," said the little man, looking quite pleased, "I suppose I've studied it more than any one, and I'll be broiled with mushrooms if I know for certain. Who does know, indeed? What say the wise men of Egypt? They declare that it is nought but a little insect, a hundred times smaller than a gnat that gets into people's blood and plays Hide and Seek up and down their veins; and yet, to speak the truth, they have never caught one of these same insects. What say the grave priests of Asia Minor? Do they not declare that Katawampus is made by evil goblins in the centre of the earth, who pump it up into the world through

the craters of Etna and Vesuvius? Then there are the good magicians of Africa, who say that Katawampus is caused by

witches looking at you out of their left eye. And I once knew a professor of history—fancy," said the little man, choking with laughter, "a professor of history, with a cap

and gown and a chair all to himself—who thought that Katawampus was brought over from America by Sir Walter Raleigh. But of course that is all nonsense. It isn't made in Germany either, like most things are nowadays—though they say there is a good deal of it over there—and, mind you," and here the little man grew serious, and shook his forefinger at Pater with the air of a schoolmaster, "it is not tantrums. I don't know what it is, nobody does, but it is not tantrums, and I know how to cure both."

"What are the signs of Katawampus?" asked Pater innocently.

"Why, you don't mean to say you have forgotten the Katawampus song? Why, in 1854——"

"Bother 1854," said Pater to himself. But to pacify the little man he said aloud to him, "Ah, yes, I remember it, but I forget the tune; will you sing it again, and I will try and join in the chorus?"

Then Pater sat on an empty tin can at the bottom of the pit formed by the sand-hills, while the little man danced round him singing the Katawampus song. At the same time round the sides of the sand-hill, which sloped up from the place where Pater was sitting, like the seats at a circus, the little goblins, hand-in-hand, in many circles danced wildly round, kicking up the sand in clouds; and up above the long grass sat the fairies, gathered from far and near with shells and pebbles, making sweet music all the time.

THE KATAWAMPUS SONG.

Krab singing alone:

When little girls or little boys
Set out to do just what they like,
Tear picture-books and smash their toys,

And cry and kick and howl and skrike,
Poor parents wonder what they're at,
Of course—they've got a fit of Kat-

Krab finished the last word on a very high note, and the goblins echoed it with a kind of sigh. Then came the chorus in which they all joined, beginning softly, but getting a little louder every line:

If you have the Katawampus
You feel rather like a grampus
When the homeward tide is southerly and slack;
Horrid pains in every scale,
And a headache in your tail,
While barnacles are creeping up your back.

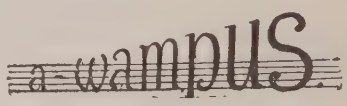
The last line was shouted by the goblins with all their energy, and then when the sand that they had been kicking up by dancing had settled down, Krab in his small piping voice was heard singing a second verse:

When children will not go to bed,
Or cry because they're asked to sing,
You'd think, to see the tears they shed,
The little things were suffering,
The symptoms are so various that
'Tis hard to know what is not—Kat-

Then there was the same chorus by all the goblins, with

even more noise and kicking up of sand, until at length it ended, and Krab began the last verse:

When every other word they utter
Is either "sha'n't" or "pig" or "don't,"
And if when offered bread and butter
They snarl or pout or say "I won't,"
If they refuse to eat up fat,
'Tis certain it's a fit of Kat-



Then began the chorus for the last time, and as the goblins sang it, Pater seemed to remember having heard the song before, and he began to hum the music drowsily. The circles of goblins danced faster and more furiously until he could hardly see them, and he began to think that the swimming must have made him quite sleepy. Before the echo of the chorus had died away, he fell off the tin can on to the sand as fast asleep as a museum.

When he woke up he found Krab and the goblins all gone, but what had passed had been no dream. There was a little bottle in his hand done up with sealing-wax and paper, just as they do at the chemists', and a little note folded round it in an india-rubber ring.

Pater opened the note. It ran as follows:

"Dear Pater,

"If you want Olga, Molly, Kate and Tom cured of Katawampus, give them two drops of the mixture in their cocoa. They will then come round to my Cave of their own

accord. I should have Tom done while he is young, because it is less trouble. I shall only charge one shilling for him, the others will be two shillings each. I thought you would be sure to have them done, so I took the money. I will make as good a job of them as I did of you in 1854.

"Faithfully yours,

"KRAB, THE CAVE-MAN."

Pater felt in his pocket. No, it was no dream at all. He had seven shillings when he came out, now he had nothing.

Putting the bottle and the note in his pocket he returned home to dinner, very puzzled indeed, intending to consult Mother, as he always did when things bothered him.

CHAPTER IV

THE FLITTING

The harsh east wind has taken a holiday,
Gone for a rest,
Back it comes on a bright June jolly day,
Warm from the west,
Farewell to tables, chairs and floors,
'Tis time to picnic out of doors.
PATER'S *Book of Rhymes.*

NOW the ways of Tomakin were these. In a little cot about three feet by two, with high green railings and four brass knobs, he used to sleep his level best at the foot of Mother's and Pater's bed until the sun began to peep through the blinds and the sparrows chirrupped outside. Then, Tomakin began to chirrup too. He took to bed with him a Japanese doll, his gee-gee whip, a box of bricks, and the story of the Three Bears with beautiful coloured pictures printed on linen. When he had got all the fun out of these that he could, he began to sing. First softly, and then more loudly until Mother said "Hush! you'll wake Pater," and Pater grunted sleepily to express the idea that he was trying to sleep but could not do it. Presently he got an invitation to come into Pater's bed, and having received a promise that if he came no one would go to sleep—but not without that promise—he tumbled over the brass rail at the foot of the

bed on to the soft quilt of Mother's and Pater's bed, and demanded from Pater the well-known story of "Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky."

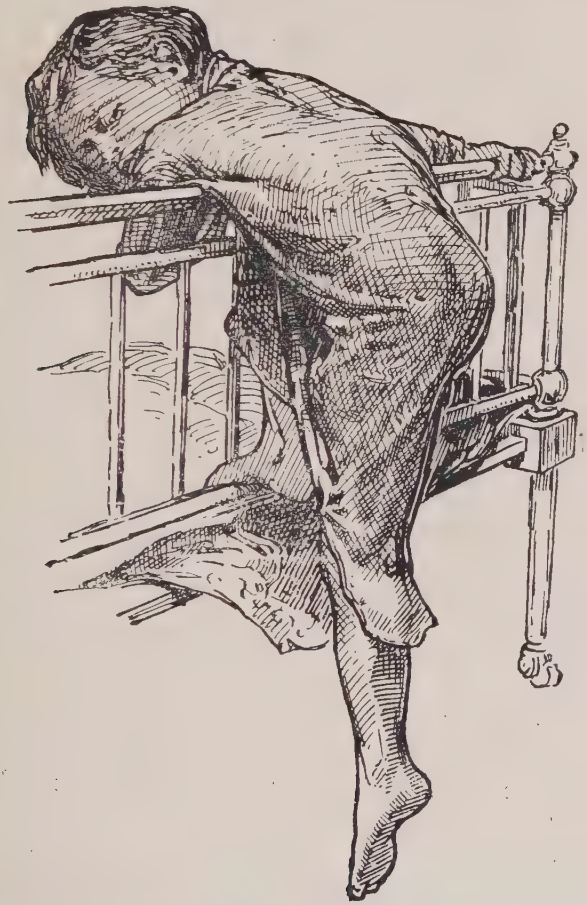
It was now nearly four months since Pater had met the Cave-man, and the sun was getting up earlier every day, the birds chirrupped more loudly every morning, and Tomakin was ready for "Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky" long before Pater thought of waking up. For four long months all the children had been good. Mother was delighted, Pater was overjoyed and used to look at Krab's little bottle which he kept in his desk, and declare things were too good to last. And so they were. For one day, about the time I am speaking of, things went wrong again. It began with the porridge. Kate could not be got to eat her breakfast. Not that the porridge was nasty, but Molly had had bread and milk instead, and Kate wanted bread and milk; and not getting it, sat and wept into her porridge until the basin was full of tears, and you could not see the oatmeal at all. Then Tomakin had hit Molly with his gee-gee whip and called her a horrid pig, and Molly had pulled his hair, and Olga had slapped Molly because she was teasing Tomakin. Then, to crown everything, instead of playing nicely in the nursery after school with their rocking-horse, Simon—Olga had named him Sir Simon de Montfort in memory of that great and good man, when she was reading Little Arthur's history—they had all tried to get on at once and it ended in a fight, in which Simon lost half his tail and had one of his glass eyes broken with one of his own stirrups, and Tomakin fell off on to the floor and made his nose bleed. Then, when Mother came up to set things right, there was such a kicking and stamping and howling, and such a lot of naughty words

used, like "sha'n't" and "won't," that it was pleasant to remember that Simon was deaf and that his unbroken eye was gazing quietly out of the window.

Well, Mother told Pater all about it, and it made Pater remember that he had not watered the birch-tree for a very long time, because he had begun to think it would never be wanted, so he went out to do it at once, and when he returned from this it was tea-time. Well, at tea-time they had all been so naughty that of course they had no sugar, and you would have thought this would have been a terrible warning to them, but it was not. They actually began to quarrel as to who should have the lightest coloured piece of toast, and such a rumpus there was about this, and such nasty faces made and tears shed, that nurse came down to ask Pater to go up and stop it.

Well, Pater knew this could not be tantrums, for it was far too dreadful for that, and he felt sure it was Katawampus. So he did not take the tongs to pinch them with, or a sack to put them in, or have four corners aired for them, or anything of that kind, but he just went to his desk and brought out the little bottle that Krab the Cave-man had given him, and walked sorrowfully upstairs into the nursery. There he found the children snarling and weeping and growling like young lions in the Zoological Gardens about ten minutes to three o'clock. Quietly taking out the cork, he poured two drops from the bottle into each mug of cocoa. In a moment there was silence. For as soon as he took the cork out of the bottle, a beautiful scent filled the room just like mignonette and lavender and roses and eau de Cologne and meadow-sweet and peppermint bull's-eyes, and all the four children stopped crying and began to smile and sniff in the

air; for, as you may know, you cannot smell sweet things when you are crying, which is one reason why you should never



cry. They did not say a word, but settled down to tea and drank their cocoa off quite pleasantly, and I do not know who had the light-coloured piece of toast after all. That

evening they went to bed directly they were told, without any trouble, and of course, as they had been naughty, without any sweeties.

It was very early the next morning when Tomakin woke up, and although it was scarcely light, he could see that Mother and Pater were very fast asleep indeed, and not likely to be good for any fun for hours to come. Something made him determine to get up and go downstairs. With some difficulty he climbed out of his cot, let himself down on the floor, and standing on tip-toe, turned the handle of the door and found himself on the landing. There he met Olga, Molly and Kate, coming on tip-toe out of their room, all bent on the same errand. The four children went into the nursery and began to dress themselves. Instead of stamping and kicking when things did not go right, they helped each other kindly and pleasantly, and they all set to work to dress Tomakin. They then stole downstairs into the kitchen, and out into the garden, where Olga got Tomakin's mail-cart out of the shed.

"Where are we going?" asked Kate.

"A picnic of course," said Olga; "we shall be back to breakfast."

"It's no use going a picnic without picnic things," said Molly.

"No more it is," said Olga; "we must have a kettle anyhow."

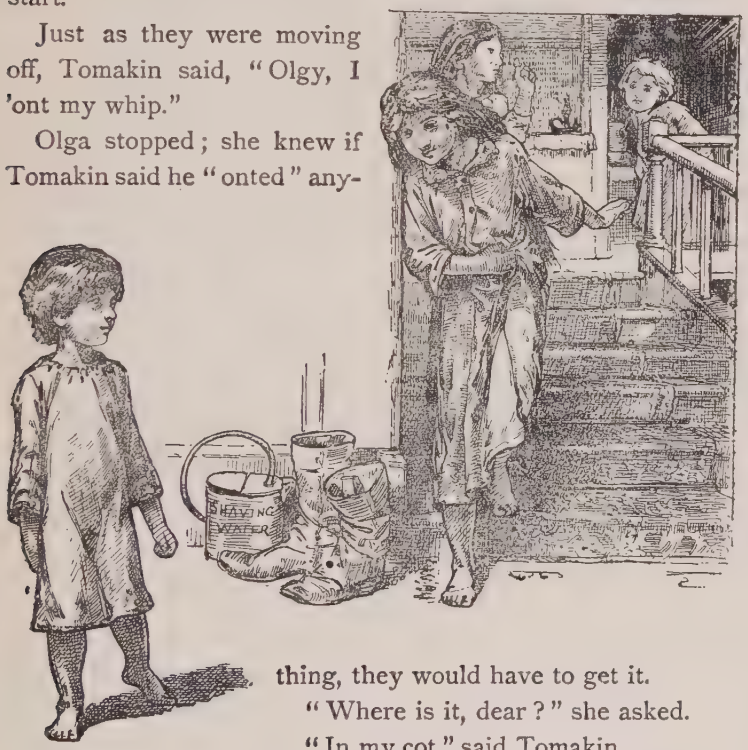
So the three little girls all went into the kitchen to get picnic things. Olga got a kettle and a trivet and a kettle-holder; Molly got the tin of lump sugar, a brown loaf, and a slop-basin; while Kate brought out her new mug, the big jar of marmalade, and a butter-knife.

Olga collected the things and packed them carefully in the mail-cart. "We can't possibly want anything else, can we?" she said, looking round.

Tomakin was then put on in front and all was ready to start.

Just as they were moving off, Tomakin said, "Olgy, I 'ont my whip."

Olga stopped; she knew if Tomakin said he "onted" anything, they would have to get it.



"Where is it, dear?" she asked.

"In my cot," said Tomakin.

Kate darted off. She crept upstairs very quietly, and, turning the handle of the door without any noise, walked on tip-toe to the side of Tomakin's cot, and caught hold of the gee-gee whip. As she was taking it out of the cot, it struck against the railings, and Mother, who was dreaming of

Tomakin—she was always dreaming of Tomakin, I believe—turned over in bed and said, "Hush, darling, go to sleep;" and Pater grunted out, "Be quiet, can't you?" But Kate was half-way downstairs by this time with the whip in her hand and did not hear them.

When she returned, she found her sisters were harnessing Tiny the goat into the mail-cart with a skipping-rope, and as soon as Tomakin got his whip, he took hold of the two ends of the rope, shouted "Gee-up!" to Tiny, and away they went out of the garden-gate at a rattling pace. How they all got on the cart was a mystery, but they hung on somehow, and off they galloped down the street, turned round by the post-office, then across the bridge over the stream and away up the steep green lane, right on to the moor that stretches up to the mountain-side; and they might have been going yet had not the wheel of the cart hit against a stone and tumbled them all out on to the heather pell-mell.

Luckily, no one was hurt, and having picked up their things and put Tomakin on Tiny's back, they left the cart where it was and walked slowly up a narrow hill-path towards the mountains. As they went along, climbing up and up, the sun rose and painted the sky beautiful tints of rose and orange, and they began to hear strange and beautiful music in the air all round them. They entered a little fir-wood, through which their path ran, and on each side of them they could hear the barking of dog violets, the mewing of cat's-eyes, and the distant roar of wild dandelions and tiger lilies. The ox-eye daisies winked at them lazily, while the cowslips tried to kiss them as they passed, and called out to them to beware of the penny rattlesnakes and poisonous pen-vipers who were hissing in the grass at their feet. Yet

they were not a bit afraid of all these strange and dreadful things, but sat down under the shadow of an overhanging rock, which looked as though it might be the mouth of a cave, to have their picnic.

Olga fixed the trivet on two stones and put the kettle on that, and tried to light the fire by rubbing two sticks together as they did in "Swiss Family Robinson." Tomakin sat down and picnicked by himself on lump-sugar, while Kate and Molly spread marmalade all over the brown loaf with a butter-knife.

While they were all busily employed in this way, they were interrupted by a voice which came from the mouth of the Cave, and, looking up, they saw Krab the Cave-man in his old blue and yellow suit, smiling and nodding quite politely.

"Well, children," he said, "you've come at last. How are Mother and Pater?"

"Quite well, I thank you," said Olga, who put the two sticks down, and then, remembering her manners, she went up and shook hands with him with her right hand.

He seemed quite pleased, and said to Olga, "I am Krab the Cave-man, and this is my Cave."

Then Olga, remembering how Mother did this sort of thing on Thursdays, which were her at-home days, said, "Allow me to introduce you to my sisters. Mr. Krab, Miss Molly, Miss Kate, and Master Tomakin."

Molly and Kate wiped the marmalade off their hands and faces on to their pinafores, and went up and kissed Krab very nicely. Tomakin stuck silently to the sugar.

"I can give you a better picnic than this in the Cave," said Krab pleasantly, looking round at the children's things.

"Can you?" they all cried eagerly.

"Much better," said Krab, with the air of one who knew what he was saying.

"Are there any gee-gees there?" asked Tomakin.

"Lots," said Krab.

"Any piccy books?"

'Plenty."

"Then tum on," said Tomakin; and taking two lumps of sugar in each hand, he trotted by Krab's side into the Cave, followed by his three sisters.

Children are as good as gold
Or else as bad as blacking.
The first nice stories should be told,
The others want a thwacking.

Though sometimes they are rude and wild.
'Tis honester to own up
I've never known a naughty child
As naughty as a grown-up

CHAPTER V

THE CAVE

Children are as good as gold
Or else as bad as blacking,
The first nice stories should be told,
The others want a thwacking.

Though sometimes they are rude and wild,
'Tis honester to own up
I've never known a naughty child
As naughty as a grown-up.

PATER'S *Book of Rhymes.*

THE way into the Cave was at first so narrow and dark that the children could hardly stand upright. The passage grew taller and wider as they went along, and at last they all stood in a large open hall, hung round with tapestry pictures of Red Riding Hood, Dick Whittington, and Puss in Boots, all worked in the brightest and most beautiful of colours. The hall was paved with small enamelled tiles of blue and yellow, and was lighted from the roof by clusters of diamonds, which shone and sparkled so brightly that you could not gaze at them. Tomakin was frightened at first, but Krab took him by the hand to show him the pictures, and he and his sisters went all round the hall while Krab told them stories about each picture.

When this was done, they noticed that at one side of the

room there was a weighing machine like the one you see at railway stations, with a large dial or clock-face to it, and they all walked towards it.

"Did you ever have your nautograph taken?" asked Krab.

"Photograph, you mean," said Olga, who always thought she knew everything better than anybody else.

"Not a bit of it," said Krab, shaking his head. "I mean nautograph. A photograph makes you out nicer than you really are; a nautograph makes you out just as naughty as you really are. I call it the Katawampus machine. I suppose you think you know what Katawampus is?"

He looked at Olga as he spoke, but she shook her head.

The four children sat down on a crimson velvet sofa near the machine, and Krab whistled softly like a blackbird with a yellow beak. Five little goblins came trotting in. Such funny little fellows they were too! Not more than ten inches high at the most, with sharp noses, bright eyes, long pointed ears, and merry little grinning faces. You may have seen pictures of them playing their pranks outside Mr. Punch's newspaper, and those are real portraits of goblins, for the clever artist who drew them knew all about goblins and fairies, and I have heard that he used to spend his holidays with them; but one never knows how far these things are true.

Two of these little goblins wheeled in a large book on a wheelbarrow; one carried a large inkstand; a fourth had a big quill pen under his arm, while the fifth held a large box of chocolate creams, fondants and caramels, which he handed round to the children. The children each took the biggest sweety they could find, and began to eat them, when to their

horror and surprise they found that, instead of being as nice as they looked, they tasted of aloes and Gregory powder, and seemed to be filled with cod-liver oil. They made the most terrible faces, and Kate and Tomakin began to howl.

"Write down 'greedy,'" said Krab laughing, and the little goblins opened the big book, while one took the pen, climbed up the side of the inkstand, and tried to dip it in. As he was doing this, he tumbled in head-first himself; and if Krab had not pulled him out by one heel, he might have been drowned. When he came out he looked so miserable with the ink running down out of his hair into his eyes, that all the children and the other goblins and Krab himself shouted with laughter.

The little inky goblin ran away to wash himself, and Krab took the pen and wrote in the book "Greedy" opposite each child's name, which was printed at the top of a clean white page in gold and red letters.

"That brings us to Rule 1," he said, "which is, 'Never take the biggest sweety.'"

The children now each chose a little one, which they found to be even better than the big ones looked.

"Now for the nautographs," said Krab; "we will begin with Olga."

Olga stood on the machine, and noticed that the dial had a big hand which moved about. Round the edge of it were written different words as though it was a weather-glass. They began like this: "Good as Gold," and then went on, "Good," "Fair," "Middling," "Selfish," "Sulky," "Snarly," "Tempers," "Tantrums," "Bad," "Bad as Blacking." As soon as Olga stood on the platform of the machine, the hand moved violently round and round. It stopped just a second

at "Tempers" and "Snarly," about two seconds at "Sulky," and quite a long time at "Selfish," so that Olga thought it would never go away, but at last it drifted slowly back to "Good as Gold," where it had started.

"Write down, 'Tempers slight, snarly sometimes, selfish often,' and make a note that she wants a set of No. 2 manners and a new temper. I suppose she must have a new temper," he muttered to himself, and seemed annoyed about it.

The little goblin wrote away as hard as he could with the big pen.

"You see," said Krab, as Olga slipped off the machine, "you are as good as gold just now, but I suppose you suffer a lot from selfishness at times."

"I don't think I do," said Olga; indeed, she did not know it.

"H'm," said Krab, thoughtfully; "now I should have thought you were one of those little girls who wouldn't play the sort of games your little sisters want, and would read books when Mother and Pater wanted you to do something else, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, certainly," said Olga; "now and then, you know——"

"Oh, I know well enough," interrupted Krab; "but never mind: you can't help it, of course. Just show me your temper, my dear." He spoke exactly as the Doctor at home did when Olga was ill, and he asked to see her tongue.

"I can't do that," said Olga.

"Dear me," sighed Krab, "how children are brought up nowadays!" And while he was speaking he winked at the goblins.

One of them came to her with the sweety-box, and this

time she carefully took a little one. As she was lifting it to her mouth, another goblin slyly jumped upon her shoulder and took it out of her hand, but in trying to get away

his foot caught in her hair and he tumbled slap on the floor.

In a moment, Olga made the most terrible face. The corners of her mouth went down. Her eyes flashed. Her nose was screwed up, and she looked for all the world like a cod-fish with the rheumatism. She clenched her fists in a

fury, her hair flew round, and she stamped her foot trying to scrunch the little goblin with it.

Then she fell on the floor, and tried to grab at him as he was munching her sweety; but he wriggled up, and hid behind the ink-pot, and put his tongue out at her as she tried to catch him. This made her more furious than ever, and she called him a "horrid pig," and, seizing the feather pen, made several stabs at the little goblin, to try and stab him with it.

"Come, come, Olga, that will do," said Krab, quietly. "I am much obliged; I only wanted to see your temper for a moment. It's just as I thought; we must put her a new one in. Write down, Best Steel Temper, size five. It's always the way," sighed Krab; "I have to put one in every child that comes, and it does run away with the profits. Size five will be a little big for you, perhaps, but then," he added, handing her another sweety, and patting her head to make her stop crying, "with plenty of temper one is not so likely to get out of it, and that's a great thing, isn't it?"

After Olga's turn came Molly's, and then Kate's. Both of them wanted new tempers and manners repairing. Molly wanted a new squeal putting in, rather softer than the one she had, while Kate wanted a tear sponge. "You'll find a tear sponge very useful," explained Krab; "you see it soaks up the tears inside, and you don't cry at all outside, and then every morning you can take it out, and squeeze it dry over the bath. But of course it must be squeezed out regularly every day, otherwise you'll find it very heavy to carry about."

When it came to Tomakin's turn, the nautograph remained at "Good as Gold," and never moved at all. Krab was

delighted, the little goblins shouted with joy, and turned head over heels, backwards and forwards, as fast as they could, while the three little girls gazed at their wonderful little brother in amazement.

"Mother always says he's the best of the bunch," said Molly.

"That," said Krab, solemnly, "is another instance of that wonderful truth that Mothers are always right. And now, children, you shall go and see the shop where tempers are made, and then you shall have supper and go to bed."

"I 'ont to be carried," said Tomakin.

"Certainly," said Krab; and lifting him on to his shoulder he walked off, followed by the three little girls hand-in-hand.

The temper shop was a large room about the size of a big railway station, full of furnaces and bellows, and all kinds of machinery whirling round and round. Hundreds of little goblins were hammering and filing and polishing what looked like round balls of steel; and though they rushed about from place to place, no one got in the other's way, and all seemed to know exactly what to do. Above the noise of the hammering and the whirl of the machines, you could hear the little goblins singing as they worked:

> Make them bright and make them true,
> For tempers have their work to do.

They stood and watched this wonderful sight for a few minutes, and then Krab led the way to the supper-room. As they went along a passage in the Cave, which was lit with rubies and emeralds along the whole length of it, Kate asked Krab what tempers were made of.

"Well," he said, "we used to make them of cork, and then we tried wood, but cork was too soft and it was difficult to get wood without knots in it, and a knotty temper never lasted long. Nowadays, we always make them of best steel. You see it's bright and stands a lot of polishing, and it's strong, and you can hammer it and file it till it's true and round. There's nothing like all-round good tempers for every-day wear—it's a bit sharp, perhaps, but still we always fix it in with india-rubber and that takes the edge off. I don't know a cheaper and better thing in the market than our Eighteen-penny A1 Best Steel Tempers. We sell thousands." Krab's face glowed with pride, and, as he finished speaking, he opened a door in the side of the passage, and they came upon the supper-room. Here they sat down with about four or five thousand other children—French, Spaniards, Germans, Russians, Negroes, Zulus and Red Indians—and each child had a slice of bread-and-butter with sugar on it, a piece of jam roll, and a cup of cocoa with whipped cream in it.

"You see," explained Krab to Molly, "our cream was always turning sour, so we had it whipped, and it never turned sour again."

"That was a capital idea," said Molly.

"With cream," said Krab, thoughtfully, "it works very well."

Supper over, Krab took them off to bed. The emeralds and rubies in the passage were all out now, but a little goblin lighted them to their room with a big diamond, which he held on top of his head, and when he got there he sat himself on the mantelpiece like a candle.

It was a very snug little room; they each had a little cot,

like their cots at home, and on Tomakin's was a Japanese doll, a gee-gee whip, a box of bricks, and the book of The Three Bears ; and Tomakin's cot was drawn close to Olga's.

Krab helped them to undress, and when they were in bed he tucked them up, and gave them each a kiss ; and as he kissed them they fell fast asleep and dreamed pleasant dreams of Mother and Pater. Krab, seeing all was right for the night, took the goblin and his diamond off the mantel-piece, and, putting them in his pocket, walked quickly away.

CHAPTER VI

VISITORS' DAY

I would like you for a comrade, for I love you, that I do,
I never met a little girl as amiable as you;
I would teach you how to dance and sing, and how to talk and laugh,
If I were not a little girl and you were not a calf.

I would like you for a comrade, you should share my barley meal,
And butt me with your little horns just hard enough to feel;
We would lie beneath the chestnut-trees and watch the leaves uncurl,
If I were not a clumsy calf and you a little girl.

PATER'S *Book of Rhymes.*

THE next morning the children woke up as fresh as daisies, and were surprised to find that their room, instead of having four walls, a door and a window, as it should have had, had only three walls; and where the fourth wall ought to have been, were iron bars about four inches apart, reaching down from the ceiling to the floor. Looking through the bars they saw a low railing in front of them, and on the other side of the railing was a large room with windows. Altogether it

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for I love you that I do
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as amiable as you
I would teach you how to dance & sing
and how to talk and laugh
If I were not a little girl
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I would like you for a comrade
you should share my barley meal
And butt me with your little horns
just hard enough to feel
We would lie beneath the chestnut trees
and watch the leaves uncurl
If I were not a clumsy calf
and you a little girl
Paters Book of Rhymes

was not unlike a lion-house, only the children were inside the cage instead of the lions.

They were looking about through the bars when Olga spied several notices on the walls. They were written in different languages — bird language, monkey tongue, and beast talk—which Olga, who was in the third class at school, was able to translate. One of them was, "Visitors are requested not to tease the children." Another was, "Please do not give the children buns or nuts." A card hung up announced, "The children in this house will be fed at one o'clock;" and there was a notice close to their cage which said, "Visitors must not go near this cage, as these children have Katawampus, and are dangerous." All these notices were signed KRAB in large letters.

"I wonder who the visitors are," said Molly.

"Here's Krab coming; he'll tell us," said Kate; and sure enough Krab came hurrying up between the railings and the bars, and, opening a gate in the bars, stepped into the children's room—or, as I prefer to call it—cage.

"I declare, I'll have to sell my goblins and get a new set," he grumbled, looking very vexed. "I told them to get you all up and dressed an hour ago. Here, you fellows," he shouted to two little goblins who were sweeping out the big room; "why are these children not up and dressed an hour ago? I'll have you filleted if this sort of thing occurs again. It's ten o'clock already. You see," he continued, turning to the children, "it's Visitors' Day to-day, and there's sure to be a crowd to see you, for you are the latest arrivals."

"Who are the visitors?" asked all the children at once.

"Why, the animals, of course," said Krab. "You see, we keep a lot of animals to feed on, and it's only fair to give them a treat once a week; and then we often get a lot

of lions and bears in from the woods on Saturday—it's a half-holiday, you know—no hunting done then; and they pay sixpence and buy a penny catalogue as well. Then if we have any children who are as Bad as Blacking, of course we can't mend them, so we sell them to the lions and bears. It just brings a little money in to feed the goblins and keep the show going; and goblins are terribly expensive and eat a lot, I can tell you."

The little girls made haste to wash and dress themselves, the two little goblins doing all they could to help them; and just as they had finished, and the goblins were giving Tomakin his bath, the visitors began to arrive.

First there waddled in a duck and a drake, with about twelve little yellow ducklings, and a large cock-a-doodle-doo with two or three hens and any number of chickens. The cock-a-doodle-doo and the drake seemed far too grand to look at the children, and Olga heard the drake say, "Poor show of children, isn't it?" The cock-a-doodle-doo threw up his head and crowed aloud, as if to say, "Very stupid." But the duck and ducklings and hens and chickens perched on the railings and watched Tomakin have his bath, and presently an old goose joined them and some goslings.

"Quack, quack," cried one. "He ain't got no feathers, mother, and he can't swim;" and all the little chickens and ducklings and goslings laughed loud at him.

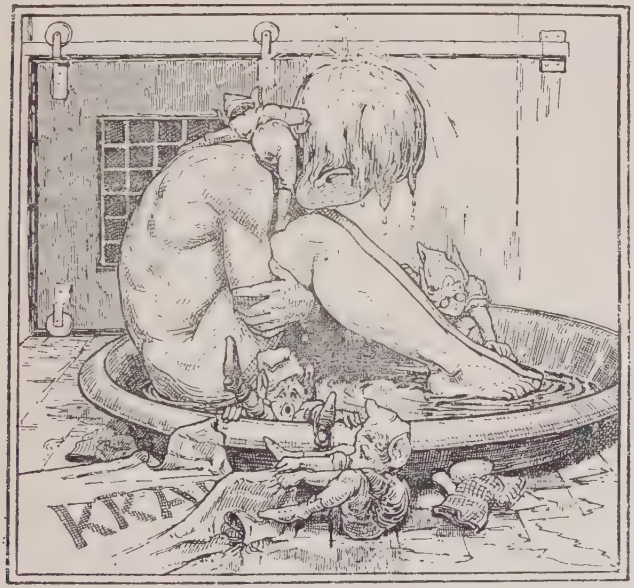
"Be quiet, you nasty rude things," said an old goose. "You chickens can't swim; and as for feathers, his feathers will grow if you give him time. Besides, it's very rude to laugh at poor little children; they can't help being without feathers. That's how they grow."

The chickens did not seem to pay much attention to the

old goose, and presently Kate got some water in her hand out of the bath and threw it over them all as they sat on the railing. The hens and chickens jumped down and fluttered off, saying, "It's disgraceful. Why can't the goblins keep them in order? They've taken the curl out of all my tail feathers."

The ducks and geese only laughed at them for being afraid of a little water, saying, "You should not go so near; it says on the notice they've got Katawampus."

Molly and Kate came to the front of the bars and began to make faces at the ducklings, which seemed to frighten



them very much, and one poor little duckling burst into tears. The old chicken who was standing some way off shaking her feathers clucked out the words "Cry Baby" as loud as she could. This made the mother duck very angry, and she flew down after her; and it looked for a moment as if there would have been a fight, had not the cock-a-doodle-doo and the drake, who had been fast asleep at the other end of the room, woke up, and begun pecking first one and then the other of their different families until they were all quiet again.

The goblins had now given the children two biscuits and a glass of milk for breakfast, and were tidying up the cage. Two cows came strolling along, a white one and a red one, with three little calves with white faces, followed by a goat and a donkey. They stopped opposite the cage.

"Keep those calves away from that cage," said the red cow. "These children have Katawampus."

"I hope those bars are safe," muttered the donkey.

"Ugly little animals, aren't they?" sniggled the goat.

"To think of wasting good milk on such a set as those. For my part, I can't see why Krab keeps them," said the white cow.

"How much milk does one of this sort drink in a day?" asked the red cow of one of the goblins.

"About a pint," said the little goblin.

"My word, what a waste!" said both the cows at once. "If it was goat's milk now——"

At this the goat, who was evidently being taken out for the day by the donkey, said:

"Neddy, my dear, are you going to stand by and see me insulted?"

"Certainly not, Nanny, my love," said the donkey. "Who shall I kick?"

"Why the cow, of course, you stupid!"

And a fine row there would have been if the goblins had not jumped out of the cage and driven the cows out at one door, and Nanny and Neddy at another. "It's always the way," they said, as they came back. "If animals get near a Katawampus cage, they begin quarrelling at once. I do not think I ever saw Neddy try and kick any one before."

More animals were coming in, but the children were now turned out through a little door in one of the walls into a beautiful garden. Each cage must have had its own garden, and each garden was railed off from the next by a high wooden paling. Olga clambered up to look over the paling, and could see children playing in each of them for a long way off. In their garden was a swing tied to a large tree, and seats and a tent, and plenty of balls, and a set of cricket stumps.

The three little girls started to play cricket, while Tomakin sat in the tent with a box of soldiers. Presently a lion and a tiger came strolling round and looked over the paling.

"Now what on earth are those children doing?" said the tiger to the lion, as they stood together watching them.

"Learning to hunt, I expect," said the lion wisely.

"That's a fat little chap in the tent," said the tiger, smacking his lips.

"I'll ask Krab to sell him to me," said the lion. "The last boy Krab sold me was so tough and sour we couldn't eat him."

"The fact is," said the tiger in a whisper, "Krab doesn't

sell nearly as good children as he used to. He says it's Katawampus that spoils them all."

"Here, you little children," shouted the lion; "what are you doing there?"

"Playing cricket," answered the children.

"May we come and play?" asked the tiger.

"Certainly," said the children; and with that the lion and tiger hopped over the paling into the garden.

They went up to Tomakin and rubbed their heads against him and appeared very friendly, though Olga could see a fierce and hungry light in their eyes, such as you see in the eyes of children when a chocolate-box is handed round.

"Come away from there," she shouted, "if you want to play."

"Poor pussy," said Tomakin, stroking the tiger, who began to purr.

"Are you going to play or not?" asked Olga, throwing the cricket ball at the lion, who, however, caught it in his left paw and sent it high up in the air, saying, as he caught it again, "Of course we are."

"Double wicket?" said Olga.

"Certainly," said the lion, not quite knowing what it meant, but not liking to show his ignorance; "and we will play for the boy. Whoever wins is to keep the boy."

The children did not quite like this, but the tiger said it was not fair otherwise; so just to make a game, they agreed to it.

"We must have captains," said Olga, "and pick sides. The lion and I will be captains, because we are the biggest, and I will pick first because I am a little girl. I'll have Molly," she said, pulling her towards her side.

"And I," said the lion, looking carefully all around, "I will pick the tiger."

"Much better have picked Kate," said the tiger, grumpily.

"Then I'll have Kate," said Olga; "and now toss up for innings."

"No, we have Tomakin," said the lion.

"No, Tomakin scores," said Olga, "and umpires;" and she gave him a sheet of paper and a big blue pencil which she found in the tent.

"Then it's not fair," said the tiger again; "you are three, and we are only two."

"We'll give them first innings then," said Kate, who thought all this wrangling and fuss was horrid, and feared they would never get a game.

"All right," said Olga; and she went to pitch the stumps.

"Take your mane and tail off," shouted the tiger; "you can't play cricket with all that on."

The lion took his mane off and hung it on the branch of a tree, but preferred to play with his tail on.

"Tail before wicket will be out," said Olga.

"Don't care," said the lion.

The tiger, however, took off his tail and coiled it up on the grass, and the game began.

The lion was the first to get a ball, Olga bowling. It hit him crack on his tail, which he was using at the time to sweep the flies off the block.

"How's that for tail before wicket?" asked Olga.

"Out," cried Tomakin.

"Our innings," cried the children in delight.

"It was a trial," said the lion.

"It isn't fair," snarled the tiger

"Sha'n't play," said both of them at once; and they burst into tears and rolled on the ground.

Presently they got up and the lion putting on his mane, and the tiger his tail, they walked away arm-in-arm, making nasty faces at the children over their shoulders.

The children were very much disappointed, except Tomakin, who had been steadily scoring with the blue pencil ever since Olga had given it to him.

"I wonder why they would not play nicely," said Molly, sighing, "we might have had such a pleasant time."

"Katawampus," said a voice, and there was Krab putting his head out of the tent, where he must have been all the time. "Katawampus—it spoils everything. And as to playing cricket with it, you might as well try to play cricket with a kangaroo."

Just then a great bell rang, and they could hear all the children running back to their cages, for it was dinner-time.

Olga, Molly, Kate and Tomakin were all very hungry by this time, and when they got back into the cage were glad to see the table set with roast chicken and bread-sauce, potatoes and Brussels sprouts, a large apple-tart on the sideboard, with a jug of cream, and a dish of strawberries close beside it.

They were so intent on their dinner, that they hardly noticed the crowd of animals in the big room beyond that had come in to see them fed. Such a host as it was, too! Lions, tigers, monkeys by the hundred, parrots, eagles, vultures, guinea-pigs, foxes, squirrels, snakes and snails—all huddled up together and crushing as near the cage as they could get, and all talking at once.

"They're just like us," cried the guinea-pigs; "they've got no tails."

"Hush, silly," said a squirrel; "they are sitting on them."

"See them eat," shouted a monkey; "they can't eat with their claws, they have to have machines fastened on." He meant knives and forks, but he was an ignorant monkey.

"Pooh, this is a stupid show," grunted the parrot. "I want my sixpence back. They've got no pretty feathers, and they gabble and chatter so fast, we can't hear a word they say."

"What are they talking about, mamma," said a little parroquet, who knew his mother could talk.

"I can't say," said the mother parrot, in disgust. "They can't have learned at a good parrot-house."

"Here, you parrot," said a large snake, "they say you can talk. Just ask those children why they don't eat their chickens alive as I do."

The parrot came to the front, and sitting on the rail, with her head on one side, said, "Pretty Poll! Good morning!' which was all she knew. The children stopped their dinner and laughed at the parrot, and Kate came and offered her a biscuit. At this all the animals seemed very disgusted.

"Why, they can't even talk," said the eagle. And the parrot said to the snake, "They are just the stupidest children Krab ever had in the gardens."

All the animals seemed to agree to this, and one by one moved away from the cage. After this, except a naughty little blue-nosed monkey, who came and threw nutshells at them, they had no more visitors. Tea-time came, and all the children were very glad to hear from Krab that there would be no more visitors again for a week.

CHAPTER VII

THE PARLIAMENT OF TOYS

Chatterbox, chatterbox,
  While you are small
Chirp away merrily,
  Don't stop at all;
Tho' Pater's a headache
  And Mother is ill,
Chatterbox, chatterbox,
  Clack like a mill.

Chatterbox, chatterbox,
  When you grow big
You shall be Speaker,
  And wear a large wig;
Listen to duffers
  From morning till night
Ready to argue
  That black may be white.

PATER'S *Book of Rhymes.*

AFTER tea, Krab told the children that he had to go to the Parliament of Toys, and they all said they would like to go too. So giving them each a ticket, he sent a goblin with them to show the way, and off they walked down a long passage in the Cave, which was brilliantly lighted with jewels, like the

rest, and where there was a great crowd of children, all with tickets in their hands and goblins to show them the way.

There were several doors in the passage, and each one was guarded by a tin soldier with a gun on his shoulder, who looked very fierce at them as they passed. At last they came to a door marked, "Children's Gallery," where they showed their tickets to a tin soldier. He opened the door, saluted, and let them go in. When they entered, they found they were in a large gallery with seats in, like a theatre. These galleries ran up and down each side of a large room, on the floor of which were benches placed up and down the room, on which were seated two or three hundred toys of different kinds opposite each other. At present, there seemed to be nothing much going on, and the children, having found some seats in the front of the gallery, had plenty of time to look about them. There was a large throne at one end of the benches with a canopy over it, and a big chair, which at present was empty.

"Krab sits there," explained the goblin who had come with them, and was now sitting between Olga and Kate, "He is the Speaker."

"What does he speak about?" asked Molly.

"He does not speak," said the goblin; "he keeps order with a hammer."

"Does he knock the toys with a hammer?" said Kate, laughing. "What fun!"

"No, he knocks the table in front of him," explained the goblin.

Kate looked disappointed. "How does he keep order?" she asked.

"Oh, I know," said Olga, interrupting. "You see it's a

Parliament, and I suppose they have Liberals and Conservatives, just like those Pater has told me about."

"And do the Liberals have red ribbons and the Conservatives blue, as they do at home when there are elections?" asked Molly and Kate.

"Certainly," answered the goblin.

"They ought to have a House of Lords too, to be proper," said Olga, who wanted to show the goblin they knew all about it.

"So they have," said the goblin; "it's called the House of Dolls; and you don't see any of those new-fangled toys there, only wooden dolls, and just a few rag ones—real old-fashioned rag dolls, of course. Then, if they do any business here, the House of Dolls takes care it comes to nothing."

"Then, what's the use of this Parliament?" asked Molly.

"Who said it was any use?" asked the goblin.

Just then Krab came in, and all the toys rose up and walked to their seats and cheered. He was dressed half in red and half in blue. "Just to show he's fair to both sides," explained the goblin; and he wore a big wig on his head and a long gold robe, with a train which six goblins carried behind him, while a tiny little fellow staggered in front of him carrying a huge silver mace about twice as big as himself.

When he had taken his seat, the room looked very different to what it had done. On his right sat some substantial old-fashioned dolls, a Punch and Judy, several wooden horses and some common-looking dark blue tin soldiers, several kites, half a set of blue tea-things and a row of fat humming-tops, a few pea-shooters, a jew's-harp or two, and a large sprinkling of dominoes.

"Those are the Conservatives," said the goblin. "You see they are in power just now, and Punch is the Prime Minister. He's very popular with the House. Those opposite are the Liberals."

On the other side were about an equal number of toys, brighter and more various. Funny cheap dolls, that looked as though they would not undress. Clockwork engines that wound up; new-fangled tops; brilliant-looking tin soldiers, much larger than those opposite, but not nearly so solid; little tin men wheeling barrows; gaudy wooden swords and pistols; some very showy china cups and saucers, and lots of fluffy woollen animals, all looking very much alive but not very sturdy.

Krab had a little ivory hammer in his hand, and knocking upon the table, cried in a loud voice, "Question time."

A small white china doll with yellow hair and blue eyes, but without anything on, got up from the Liberal side of the House, and began, "Mr. Speaker——"

There was immediately a great uproar. The big tops hummed, the blue tea-things rattled, the jew's-harp twanged aloud. When Krab had restored order by knocking on the table with his hammer, a big wax doll dressed like a princess asked if any member of the House was in order in asking a question with nothing on. She was met with loud shouts of "Sit down!" "Your clothes won't come off!" "They're pinned on!" and other rude remarks.

Krab with great dignity said that the case had never arisen before, but as by the rules of the House a toy might speak who had nothing to say, he did not see why a toy should not speak who had nothing to wear; and he therefore decided that the lady who addressed the House was in order,

and amidst great cheering from the Liberal side of the House the doll with nothing on began again.

"Mr. Punch, I am a doll belonging to a bath, and I had two sets of clothes and a night-dress. The little girl with whom I lived has lost them, and I want to know what steps the Government propose to take to have her punished."

At this there was more cheering; and Kate, who had been leaning over to look at the doll with nothing on, remembered that she had been a Christmas present to her from Cousin Susan, so she hid behind the goblin to be out of the way.

Mr. Punch rose from his seat, and with a bland smile said if the lady would hand the Government the name of the little girl he would put the matter in the hands of the Foreign Office, who would write to the parents of the little girl to have her punished. At this there was some cheering from behind Mr. Punch, but it was drowned in the groans from the Liberal side; and the doll with nothing on got up and walked out of the House in disgust, shaking her china fist at Mr. Punch as she went by him.

A red-haired doll, who was wrapped up in a handkerchief and sat on the front bench opposite Punch, now got up, and moved—"That this House declare war against all children, and give orders for their immediate destruction."

It was now Molly's turn to be frightened, for she recognised in the doll her own Amy who had been lying on the playroom floor ever so long without any clothes since she tumbled out of the mail-cart and broke her face. Amy made a very fiery speech. She said children were little monsters (hear, hear). They wanted leaving out in the garden all night on the lawn without anything on themselves, and then being shut up in a drawer and forgotten.

What was the use of a dunderhead like Punch (loud cries of order)—she would withdraw that word and say wooden head (great cheering)—getting up and talking of writing to parents? What were parents but a kind of second-hand grown-up children, some of whom had not even sense enough left to play with toys at all (more cheering). For her part, she thought it folly to keep several boxes of overgrown tin soldiers, who couldn't fight and never went to war, and it was time for a change. She was ready to spend the last drop of sawdust in her body to put an end to children altogether.

When she sat down there was great cheering, and a clockwork engine rose to second what she had said; but his works being out of order and his key being lost, no one could wind him up. So a perky little man with a barrow, who was wound up with a string, jumped up instead and took his place.

When he had finished, Mr. Punch turned round to an old blue teapot sitting just behind the Government, who rose quietly and stood on the benches. She looked round smiling very pleasantly, and taking her lid off with her handle and making a graceful bow to Krab, and the House generally, she waited until the cheering had stopped, and spoke as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, Toys,—I am, as you know, a very ancient and valuable teapot. I have belonged in my time to several very nasty little girls, and have very little to say in favour of children generally; but before we declare war upon all children and destroy them every one, we must remember that even children have their uses" (loud cries of No, no, and some hisses from the Liberal benches). "Hissing," continued the teapot quietly, "is out of order. No one can hiss better than I can, but in a meeting like this it is vulgar.

Yes, children have their uses, for without children there would be no toys. That would be hard upon some of us, especially upon those cheap toys on the Liberal side" (loud cries of order). "I said cheap," continued the teapot, with a sneer, "not nasty."

Here there was such a noise and the Liberals looked so angry that Krab rapped on the table, and warned the teapot that if she went on like that she might get broken.

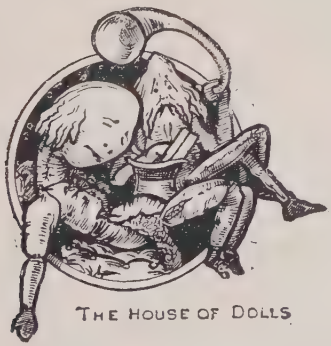
"Well," continued the teapot, "there is something to say for children, and while I allow that it is annoying to be left about without clothes on, yet for myself, being as I say an ancient and valuable teapot, and having lived in mother's cabinet for some years, away from children of whom I am by no means fond, I think the House should consider carefully before destroying all the children that exist. I may be old-fashioned in my ideas, but I think even parents have their uses" (cries of No, no); "for remember that without parents there would be no children, and without children there would be no toys."

There was very little cheering when she had finished, for the toys felt she was rather conceited and selfish.

Mr. Punch on behalf of the Government then rose and stated that it was impossible to go to war at the present moment. They had only one cannon with a proper spring to it, and were quite out of dry peas or any other form of bullets, and there would be no fireworks due until next November. Then, although they had several regiments of soldiers, yet some were without swords, others had no guns, and they were not really made for fighting. He thought the right course was to approach the parents with a view to having the children who had left their dolls in this condition

properly slapped. There was a good deal of cheering at this, and several toys rose at once to go on with the debate; but Krab called on Dobbin, and a square horse with a padded hair seat rose from a corner on the Liberal side, and said he did not much care for politics (groans); and though children were generally careless, he did not think they were wicked (more groans); and he had always found the little boy to whom he belonged ("The little boy who belongs to you, you mean," shouted several toys on the Liberal side), "Well, Tomakin," continued the horse, "I have always found Tomakin——" But what he had found Tomakin we shall never know, for Tomakin, who had been asleep, hearing his name, woke up, and looking at the horse shouted, "There's my Dobbin—I 'ont my Dobbin."

Immediately such a noise arose, all the toys crying out "Order," "Turn him out," "Punch him," "Behead him," that Krab and his hammer could not be heard, and the little goblin catching hold of Tomakin and leading the way, he and the children rushed out at the door, knocked over several tin soldiers that tried to stop them, and did not cease running until they were safe in their room in the other part of the Cave.



THE HOUSE OF DOLLS

CHAPTER VIII

THE HUNT

Oh, she lost her little temper and I'm sorry to declare,
That when told to go and find it, she said, "Sha'n't, sha'n't,
sha'n't;"
When Mother said, "You go to bed," she snarled and cried
"Don't care!
For I've tried to find my temper and I can't, can't, can't."

PATER'S *Book of Rhymes.*

WHEN the little goblins came to dress the children the next morning, the three little girls complained of being very tired.

"And well you may be," said the bigger goblin, "after the way you went on last night because you did not get any sweeties."

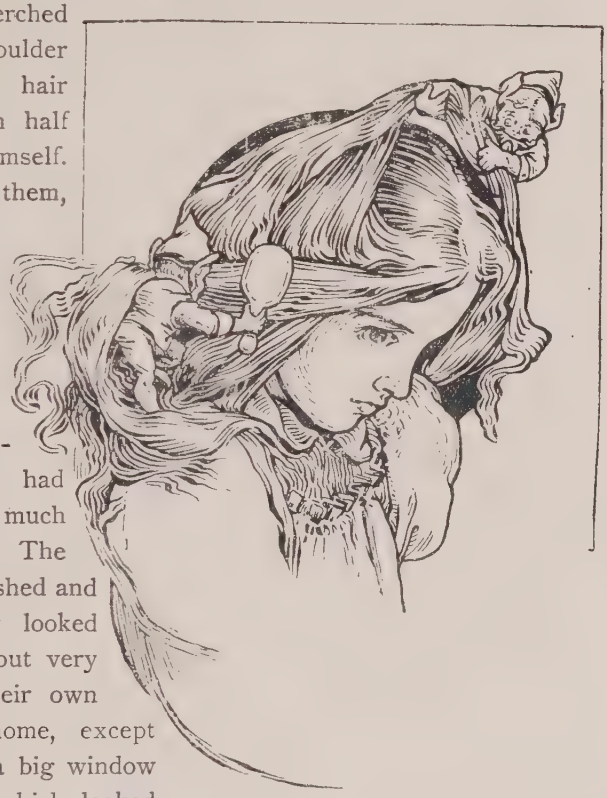
The little girls could not remember this at all.

"Why, you all of you lost your tempers," continued the goblin, "and a fine job we had catching them again. However, caught they were, and Krab has them in a bag, so I suppose there will be a hunt this morning."

"Why a hunt?" asked Molly.

"You must hunt," said the goblin, "if you lose anything."

"And what shall we do with the tempers when they are caught again?" asked Olga of one of the little goblins who was perched on her shoulder brushing her hair with a brush half the size of himself.



"Why, kill them, of course," said the goblin, "and then the new ones will be put in."

The children's room had altered very much in the night. The bars had vanished and it no longer looked like a cage, but very much like their own nursery at home, except that it had a big window at one end which looked out on to a beautiful lawn and across several fields beyond to some thick woods, over which were high mountains towering up to the sky. It was a beautiful view.

Just as they were finishing breakfast, Krab came up to the window in a great bustle, with a large sack in one

hand, in which you could see some live things were wriggling.

"Are you all ready for the hunt?" he cried, putting his head in at the window. The children nodded.

"Can you ride?" asked Krab.

"I can ride a rocking-horse," said Kate. "We can all ride a rocking-horse, and Tomakin rides on Dobbin at home."

"Rocking-horses are a bit fresh sometimes for hunting," said Krab; "you were never run away with, were you?"

"Never," said all the children at once.

"Very well, then," said Krab; and, turning to a little goblin in gaiters and a peaked cap, who looked like a wee groom, he said, "Go into the stables and get three rocking-horses with side-saddles. Of course," he added to the children, "they take the rockers off on hunt days and that makes them frisky." The children looked frightened at this, but said nothing.

"What about habits?" asked Krab. "You must have habits; you can have good habits or bad habits, whichever you like." The little girls chose good habits, and Krab nodded approval.

The groom goblin now brought long riding-habits, and little top hats like Pater's, and gave them each a silver-mounted whip; and the children, having dressed themselves up, waited at the window for the horses to arrive.

Tomakin had a yellow waistcoat on, and a pink huntsman's coat with little tails to it and gold buttons, a black cap and gaiters, and held in his hand a big huntsman's whip which he cracked with great success. Suddenly he ran across the lawn, crying out, "There's Dobbin;" and sure enough, cantering along in a steady wooden style across the grass, was

his own Dobbin. Tomakin threw his arms round Dobbin's neck, Dobbin rubbed his nose lovingly against Tomakin's shoulder, and they seemed very pleased to see each other. Tomakin felt in his tail-pocket, which he got at with some difficulty, not being used to it, and found a lump of sugar which he bit in two to make quite sure that it was sugar, and, having satisfied himself by eating the bigger half, he gave the smaller one to Dobbin. Then, catching hold of the reins, he mounted himself, and cracking his whip cantered up to where his sisters were standing by the window, looking every inch a huntsman.

And now the guests began to arrive, all the goblins in pink coats and the fairies in long golden habits, and all riding on different birds and insects. Some rode on caterpillars, some on wrens, some on beetles and butterflies, and some on humming-birds, while several elderly fairies, who were not going to join the hunt, drove up in pumpkins and vegetable marrows drawn by field-mice.

"Where are those rocking-horses?" called out Krab excitedly; and just then there came round the corner a black, a white, and a grey rocking-horse, without any rockers, each being held by five goblins, who had the greatest difficulty in holding them in, for they kicked and struggled and plunged very violently.

"Why are you so late?" asked Krab of the groom goblin who walked up slowly behind the horses.

"Why, there was no grey rocking-horse in the stable, so we had to take the brown one and have him painted." And sure enough there he was shining in the sun in all the glory of his new paint, just like a sticky bun at a pastry-cook's.

"Well, we could have done without a grey horse," said Krab.

"No you couldn't," said the groom. "When the huntsman says 'How many horses has your father got?' you have to say 'Three.' Then he says 'What colour are they?' and you say 'Black, white and grey.' You must have a grey horse."

"Of course you must," said Krab; "I forgot, but now let's get off. Where's the band?"

"Just coming round, sir," said the groom goblin, touching his hat.

"What do you want a band for?" asked Olga; "I never heard of hunting with a band."

"I never heard of hunting without a band," said Krab.

"But what is it for?" asked all the children.

"Why, to tell you whether you are hot or cold while the hunt is going on. When we get near the tempers the band plays very loud, and then we know we are hot. When we get far away it plays softly, and then we know we are cold, and if we get more than two miles off it stops altogether. That's according to the rules of hunting, isn't it?"

The groom goblin nodded and said "Quite right."

The little girls were now mounted on their rocking-horses. Olga on the black one, Molly on the white one, and Kate on the grey one. They were very glad that when they were mounted the horses seemed quite quiet and only rocked gently to and fro, which, as they had no rockers, was very wonderful.

Tomakin and Dobbin had been cantering round and round the lawn much to his own delight and the fear of the goblins and fairies, who had to get out of his way. He was enjoying himself immensely.

"Now, come, come," said Krab, "get into line and we'll turn out the tempers. By-the-by, who has the salt?"

"I've got it," said the groom goblin, holding up a long wooden box.

"Well, hand it round then," said Krab. "Don't waste it. There are only three tempers to-day, a teaspoonful for each; that is the rule, isn't it?"

The groom goblin nodded and took the salt-box round, helping every one to three teaspoonfuls. "You must put it on their tails if you get a chance," he explained to the children. The line was then formed: first the band, then Krab, then the four children, and then the train of fairies and goblins. The line stretched all round the lawn and left a big space in the middle.

"Aren't you going to ride?" asked Molly of Krab.

"No," said Krab, "I always walk; it's quicker."

"Aren't we going to have any dogs? You can't hunt without dogs," said Olga.

Krab looked puzzled and called to the groom goblin. "What about dogs?" he said.

The groom goblin seemed very angry. "I won't have dogs," he cried, "they spoil a hunt; you can't keep them from killing tempers right and left, and they won't attend to the band."

"But if you want to kill the tempers——"

"Yes, of course," said the groom goblin, "but always according to the rules of the hunt. You can't get dogs to attend to rules. If you like a toy dog and promise to hold the string——"

"Oh, I do not want a dog," said Olga.

"That's all right then, no dogs," shouted Krab, "no dogs." Every one looked pleased.

"Would you like to see the tempers, Miss, before they are turned out?" said the groom goblin, holding up the sack. The children peeped in, and at the bottom of the sack were three wretched, little, miserable-looking, skinny animals like small wolves or foxes with flat tails.

"How nice they smell," said Olga, putting her head over the bag. They smelt of eau de Cologne.

"Yes," said Krab, "you can't have a hunt without scent, you know."

"They are very ugly," said Molly.

"You would not expect a temper to look pretty, would you?" said Krab.

"They look very unhappy," said Kate, who felt rather sorry for them. "Do you think they are afraid of being hunted?"

"Bless you, no, Miss," said the groom goblin; "they like it."

Kate felt happier at hearing this. The groom goblin went into the middle of the lawn and emptied the three little tempers out. They looked more miserable than ever, and huddled near each other shivering, and then moved away just into the wood, where the children thought they would easily be caught.

"Hurrah!" shouted the crowd; "Tally-ho!" shouted Krab; and thereupon the band struck up as loud as it could, "A hunting we will go;" and moved on down a long avenue away from the lawn, followed by the whole party.

"Why, we are moving away from the tempers; can't you smell them in the wood?" said Molly, when the band got softer and they could hear each other speak.

"Of course I can," said Krab, "but that is because the scent is lying. If the scent told the truth we should

have had no hunt, because you would find the tempers at once."

Molly said nothing, and they moved quietly forward, the band playing more softly every step they took.

"Isn't this a lovely avenue?" said Krab to Olga; "they are all jest-nut trees, we gather hundreds and thousands of jest-nuts every year." He reached up and pulled down a nut off a tree near him and cracked it. Inside there was a little roll of paper which he handed to Olga, who said, "Why, it's a riddle."

"Yes, it's a jest-nut riddle," said Krab; "read it up."

Olga read, "Why is biting your nails like a naughty monk?" The children thought a bit and gave it up.

"Because it's a bad abbot," said Krab. Every one looked terribly gloomy at this, and the groom goblin began to cry, for he thought the hunt would be a failure.

"Never mind," said Krab, "it must have been a wild jest-nut. We'll have no more riddles, then. Feeling cold, eh?" he added, turning to Olga.

"No," said the children.

"Well, you are cold, listen to the band." The band had nearly stopped, and they got down to an open field where they all stood round the band, looking eagerly at the flute-player, who was now tootling softly by himself. At last, after a little flourish, he stopped, and Krab cried out at the top of his voice, "One, two, three, and away."

Before the children knew where they were, their horses were tearing across the field towards a thick prickly hedge at a headlong gallop. They could hear Dobbin groaning and snorting behind, and Tomakin was cracking his whip and shouting "Gee-up!" Krab and the groom goblin were racing off towards a gate, but the children's

horses went straight for the hedge. Such a rush as they went for that hedge! It was terribly exciting, but lifting up their legs and with a mighty bound over they went —Olga first, Molly and Kate together, and Dobbin ambling through a gap after them. They were now galloping over a ploughed field, and it made the children quite sea-sick. They could hear the band playing more distinctly every moment, and Olga, looking behind, saw Krab running after them and could hear him shouting, "Warmer! Warmer!" at the top of his voice. The goblins and fairies seemed miles behind. Crossing another field, they could see that they were nearing the lawn, and that there was a river between them, and the three little tempers, who could now be distinctly seen huddled up on the grass in front of the house, to which they must have gone back as soon as the hunt started.

Olga was leading as they came to the river, Molly and Kate a yard or two behind, and Tomakin, pitching into Dobbin with his whip, about ten yards in the rear. The lawn was crowded with goblins and fairies, and two held a tape across one end of the lawn. Some shouted for Olga, others for Molly, others for Kate, and just a few for Tomakin, who was a long way behind now.

As they came to the river, Olga gave her black horse a crack with the whip which made him stumble, and he fell on his knees, throwing her into the river. Molly's and Kate's horses tried to jump over her, but in so doing threw off their riders, and Tomakin, amidst thunders of applause, trotted his Dobbin through the river, which was only two inches deep, and, coming up to the tape, was declared winner

Krab hurried up now quite out of breath, and helped Tomakin to put salt on the tail of each of the tempers, which

were put back in a bag for another day, and seemed glad it was over. The little girls were picked up none the worse for their tumble. Krab then came into the middle of the lawn, and presented Tomakin with a china mug, on which were the words in gold letters, "A Present for a good little Boy from Caveland," and at this there was more cheering. The band then played, "God save the Queen," and Krab and the children went indoors, Krab declaring it was the best hunt they had had for years.

GOT HIM THIS TIME

CHAPTER IX

KRAB'S STORY

A story I often told,
  I tell it again with joy,
The copyright won't be sold,
It never grows stale or old;
  "When I was a little boy."

We sit on the sandy shore,
  I tell it again with joy,
Though you might think it a bore
The children will ask for more;
  "When I was a little boy."

Their love for it seems to grow,
  I tell it again with joy,
I invented it years ago,
The only true tale I know;
  "When I was a little boy."

PATER'S *Book of Rhymes.*

HE afternoon was spent in fixing in the new tempers and screwing in the manners, and, when this had been done, Krab said he would show the children his library, and they could rest there until tea-time.

They went along several new passages in the cave, and when Krab opened a door and showed them into his library, there was the cosiest

room you ever saw. It was built of dark oak, and round all the sides of it were books bound in different coloured skins. One bookcase was labelled Fairy Stories, a second Adventures, a third Travels, a fourth Picture Books, and a fifth Cookery Books, of which there seemed to be a very large store indeed. The windows of the room opened down to the ground and looked on to a little flower garden. It was dark and stormy outside, so Krab drew the curtains across the windows and whistled for seven goblins, who came with logs of wood which they piled up on the floor of the old tiled fireplace, and soon there was a bright fire blazing and crackling upon the hearth. Krab drew a big diamond out of his pocket to light the room, and hooked it on to a string that came down from the ceiling, and the goblins pulled up a huge old-fashioned low sofa, with soft purple cushions, in front of the fire for them to sit on.

"What a grand sofa to romp on!" said Molly and Kate, and they jumped on to it with all their might. The sofa seemed all springs, and threw them off quite roughly on to the floor.

"You shouldn't do that," said Krab; "it's not a romping sofa, it's a story-telling sofa."

"Will it tell us stories?" asked Olga.

"No, but if we all sit down on it and keep quite quiet, one of the cushions will get up and thump one of us on the head, and that one will have to tell us a story."

All the children sat down with Krab upon the sofa, except Tomakin, who never would listen to stories, and he and a goblin were looking at pictures of gee-gees in a large book with a red and gold cover.

They sat quite quietly listening to the logs crackling aud sputtering, and watching the smoke hover about the big open chimney, and at last rush up the little hole in the top as if to make up for lost time.

The children at first began to fear they would be chosen, and tried to think of stories to tell. Then, as nothing happened, they began to think Krab was teasing them, and, had it not been for their new tempers, would have grown quite cross. At last, just as they were giving it up altogether, a cushion jumped up and hit Krab on the head. Krab shook himself and said, "My turn, I suppose. What shall I tell you about?"

"Adventures," said Olga.

"Little children," said Molly.

"Fairies," said Kate.

"Well, I'll tell you about some of each," said Krab. "I'll tell you about when I was a little boy."

"Yes," cried all the children at once, "that will be lovely. Tell us about when you were a little boy."

With that, Krab lay back among the cushions, while Molly snuggled up on one side and put her head on his shoulder, and Kate on the other side, and Olga sat as near as she could without being in the way; and when they were all comfortably settled, Krab began the story of "When he was a little boy."

"Once upon a time—before there was any time at all—and several thousand years before the world began, I lived in a cave, much smaller than this room, by the side of a wide green sea covered with icebergs and huge islands of floating ice. My father was a little grave man, about the height I am now, with an iron-grey beard. His name was Kraboski.

"My mother was two inches shorter than my father, and she had a long pigtail of which she was very proud; and when I cried or was naughty she used to thwack me hard with the pigtail and cry out Katawampus; and then my father would shake his head and sigh, and say Katawampus too. My mother's name was Krabina, and I was called little Krab.

"Every day in the summer, which used to be for six months, and then the sun shone day and night, my father used to go out in a canoe, which was made of seal-skins stretched on the bones of a large whale, and then he would bring home, tied behind the canoe, the body of a big bear or a whale or a seal, as the case might be. Then mother used to skin it and cut it up into steaks, and the steaks used to hang in the cave where the cold cooked them till they were hard and dry and fit to eat, and then they would keep all the winter when no hunting could be done. The skins were made into coats and rugs and boots, and that was all we had to wear, but they were very warm and comfortable.

"The winter used to last for six months as well, and during all that time we never saw the sun, but lived by the light of a little stone lamp filled with whale oil; and then my father used to make spears out of wood that he had found floating in the sea, with heads of flints, which he chipped cleverly with another flint to get them the right shape; and he made arrows in the same way, and needles and hairpins, out of bones, and he carved beautiful pictures on the tusks of walruses, of animals he had seen when he was travelling in the summer far away from the cave in his canoe.

"And mother used to sit by and watch him and sing songs, and everything went well except when I used to cry, and

then mother said Katawampus, and beat me with her pigtail, as I have told you.

"Well, this went on for fourteen long years, and then when the summer came my father said it was time for me to learn to kill a seal, and he built me a small canoe and taught me how to sail it, and I went and killed a little seal, and then a bear and a wolf too; and when I came home my mother kissed me, and said now I was a man and must go out into the world and look for a wife. I told mother I did not want a wife, but she only laughed and said I must be off and find a cave for myself. So that summer I packed up my canoe full of bear steaks, and put two large skins of whale oil in it to drink, and my two spears and my bow and arrows. Then I said good-bye to my father and mother, and sailed off across the beautiful green sea in and out among the icebergs, while my father and mother stood on the edge of the shore waving their hands to me until they were quite lost to sight, and I never saw them again. Well, I felt very lonely I can tell you; and for seven days and seven nights I sailed away with the breeze behind me watching the seals and bears on the icebergs all about me, for it was quite light all the time.

"At last I came to an island on which there were several little log huts, the like of which I had never seen before; and when my canoe grated on the beach and I jumped out, I was surrounded by a lot of men and women, who hopped round me shouting with great delight, 'He is a warrior, and will kill the bear!'

"Then they took me to the biggest hut, and told me that a large Polar bear had been destroying all the men and women and children of their village, until at last there were

only twenty of them left instead of nearly fifty, and they none of them dared to go far from their houses for fear of this terrible monster. Thereupon, I asked them if they would find me a wife if I killed the Polar bear, and this they agreed to do.

"They showed me several young ladies, and I chose one named Krustibel, because she had the flattest nose and the longest pigtail. Krustibel seemed very pleased, but the other young ladies pouted and looked vexed. 'Perhaps, however,' said some of them, 'the bear will eat him, and that will be all right.'

"At this poor Krustibel cried, and I kissed her gently and told her not to be afraid.

"That evening Krustibel and I sat together in her father's hut, and her father told me all about the Polar bear. He was an old man, too old for hunting himself, but he told many wonderful stories of bears and walruses that he had killed when he was young. After we had been talking some time, he told Krustibel to go to bed, and I am sorry to say, instead of going off like a good girl, she pouted and snarled, and said 'Sha'n't;" and when her father told her she must, she began to kick and stamp and be very noisy. So I said to myself Katawampus, and sighed, and could not help thinking what a terrible thing it would be to marry a wife with Katawampus, and what a sad thing it would be if we had any children, as they would be sure to have Katawampus too.

"At last Krustibel's father had to take her by her pigtail off to bed, and I felt very much ashamed of her.

"When he returned he told me she was really a very nice girl as a rule, only every now and then she had Katawampus. Now I had made up my mind to find a wife without Katawampus, but I said nothing. The old man sat up for a long time with me advising me how to kill the bear, and when morning came, and it was time to go forth to the hunt, he gave me a small medicine glass and a little bottle marked 'Poison—to be rubbed on the chest.'

"'One teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water, taken twice daily,' he said, 'will kill any bear.'

"I thanked him, and putting the bottle and glass in my pocket, and taking with me my two shortest spears and a new seal-skin with the head on, which I borrowed from Krustibel's father, I went in search of the bear.

"I walked along the shore to where I was told the bear was to be found. There I sat down and put a new label on the bottle in these words 'Tonic—two teaspoonfuls in two wine-glasses of water, to be taken before meals.' I then placed the bottle and glass on the beach, and dressing myself in the seal-skin, and lying down on the top of a flat rock, where I could see all round me, and hiding my two spears underneath me, I waited events.

"After two or three hours' waiting, I at last saw the Polar bear coming over a hill of ice close to me. Such a monster as he was! About twice as high as I was, with great limbs measuring more round than the whole of my body. When he got to the top of the hill, he shook his head at the distant village, and roared aloud. Then he seemed to catch sight of me, for he stood on his hind-legs, and dancing from side to side, began to talk to me, saying, 'Good little Sealy then, would he like to come and play with big Polo Wolo then?' and I flapped about on the rock below like a real seal would have done, to pretend I heard him and wanted to get to him.

"Then the old bear, placing a violin upon his shoulder and drawing the bow slowly across it, stood on his hind-legs on the ice-hill, and rolling his shaggy head from side to side began to sing the Polar bear's love-song, the tune of which I had caught on the breeze many a time when I had been sailing in my canoe, but the words I had never heard, though my father had told me that they were very beautiful, and that the foolish little seals were charmed away by the same old song year after year, and never grew wise enough not to believe in its delightful promises.

THE BEAR'S SONG

Oh, the mother she loves her only son,
While he makes eyes at the curranty bun,
And the slippery, slimy, sea-side snake
Loves soothing syrup and seedy cake.
'Tis nothing to the love I feel
For thee, thou little savoury seal.

The tide may follow the master moon,
And the dish run away with the silver spoon,
The ice may weep for the noonday sun,
And three times seven be twenty-one.
'Tis nothing to the love I feel
For thee, thou little savoury seal.

Oh, savoury seal with the silent eye,
We will feast ourselves on cod-liver pie,
Oh, savoury seal with the loving heart,
We will feast on turnips and treacle tart.
Life shall be one unending meal,
For you and me, my savoury seal.

"The song was very lovely, and the last verse was sung so truthfully and tenderly, that I myself longed to throw off my disguise and go after the bear. But all I did was to flap about on the rock as though I could not get down.

"'Did Sealy-Wealy's nasty mother leave him out on a rock then,' said the crafty old bear, 'and shall Polo Wolo come down and help him off?'

"I flapped about again, and the bear left off dancing and trotted down the hill to the rock where I was lying, making the earth shake with his heavy tread. As he came towards me, I gripped the shorter spear in my right hand, and just as he came tumbling down to the rock mumbling 'Poor little

Sealy-Wealy,' I threw off the skin and struck the spear as hard as I could at his head. The shaft broke in two, and though the bear seemed stunned with the blow, he soon recovered, and came at me with a terrible roar of rage and pain. I slipped down off the rock and ran round it, catching hold of the spear-head which had broken off the shaft.

"The bear followed me round and round the rock twice, and I could feel his hot breath close behind the back of my neck. Suddenly he stopped and called out, 'Pax! Let us sit down and rest.'

"I looked round the edge of the rock and saw that he had discovered the medicine bottle.

"'Is this tonic good for the appetite?' he asked.

"'Excellent,' I said.

"The bear carefully measured out two teaspoonfuls in the glass, and filled it up from a pool of sea water that was near. 'It says, "To be taken before meals,"' he continued, smiling and winking at me, and then throwing his head back, he drank it off at a gulp.

"It could scarcely have got down to the top button of his waistcoat, when he made the most terrible face you ever saw.

"'Where did you get that stuff from?' he roared at the top of his voice, and as though he was in great pain.

"'Krustibel's father,' I replied, edging away round the rock.

"'Then it's bear poison,' he cried, and jumping up made a plunge as if to kill me, but catching his foot in a stone he rolled over at my feet, and with one short groan ended his life, and lay dead on the beach."

Krab stopped his story, and the children each drew a long breath.

"But did you marry Krustibel?" asked the children.

"No," said Krab.

"Did you marry any of the girls?" asked Molly.

"No," said Krab; "I found all the children in that village had Katawampus, and I had made up my mind never to marry into a tribe that had that."

"Then did you ever get married?" asked Olga.

"No," said Krab sadly, "never."

"And where did you go next?" asked Kate.

"And what did Krustibel do?" asked Molly.

"And how did you come to live in this beautiful cave and make tempers for children?" asked Olga and all the children, speaking at once.

"Those," said Krab laughing, "are other stories, and are written in the twenty-four volumes of the Book of Krab which are on the top shelf yonder. Some day, if you are good children, I will read them to you, but now it is tea-time."

At the sound of "tea-time," Tomakin shut up the gee-gee book and jumped up, and Krab stood him on his shoulder like a king as they walked off to their room for tea.

CHAPTER X

HOMEWARD BOUND

With a snort and a whistle and a smoky shriek,
Puff! Puff! Puff!
The screw whirls round and the planks begin to creak,
Puff! Puff! Puff!
When the steamer starts every Wednesday in the week,
Puff! Puff! Puff!

The engineer is stirring up the big steam slave,
Throb! Throb! Throb!
He builds a fire under him and roasts the lazy knave,
Throb! Throb! Throb!
Till he jumps across the harbour bar and leaps at every wave,
Throb! Throb! Throb!

The wind is out to windward and the land is on our lee,
Far, far away!
A string of little yellow beads the lights upon the quay,
Far, far away!
We are sailing home to mother all across the angry sea,
Far, far away!

PATER'S *Book of Rhymes.*

THEY all sat down to tea, and Krab sat at the end of the table. They had a birthday cake with sugar on the top and all their names on, which Olga cut up and handed round. Everything went well. The children did not spill their cocoa, no one forgot to say "thank you," or "please," and the manners worked excellently.

After tea, Krab made a little speech in which he said the time had now come to say good-bye. The children had been very good, and he hoped they would come again another day.

Olga replied very nicely, and the children all stood on their chairs and drank Krab's health in cocoa, saying to him as Pater had taught them, "Your good health and your family's, and may you all live long and prosper," which seemed to please Krab very much.

"And now," said Krab, when this was finished, "it is time you were going home."

"I suppose nurse will come and fetch us in a cab," said Olga; "she generally does when we go to parties."

Krab sent a goblin out to see if there was any cab, but the goblin returned to say there wasn't, and that if they meant to go by boat, it was time to be off.

"You see," explained Krab, "children, leaving here, usually go by boat, and perhaps that is why they have not sent a cab."

As this seemed the right thing to do, the children all got ready and walked with Krab down through the garden across the lawn to a landing-stage, where a large steamer was lying, puffing and blowing and whistling, very eager to get off.

The moon was shining brightly on the water and the boat looked very beautiful lying by the landing-stage. It was a long narrow ship, painted yellow, with tall golden bulrushes for masts, pale creamy silk sails, and two black and red funnels, made of sugar-cane, hollowed out. On the front part of the boat you could see the name painted in red letters, *The Banana*. On one of the paddle-boxes was a big

ruby, and on the other a large emerald, each shining brightly, and a yellow topaz was being hauled up to the top of the front bulrush.

"Now then," said Krab, "where's the captain?"

A big fat duck came waddling across a plank from the steamer to the shore; he had a large packet on his back.

"What a funny captain," said Molly.

"The captain was a duck with a packet on his back," said Krab; "you remember that, don't you?"

"Quack, quack," said the duck.

"Stop it," cried out Krab angrily, "you will have the ship off before the children are on board. You don't say that until the ship begins to move."

The captain hid his head under his wing, looking very much ashamed, then took it out and shook his feathers.

"Four children for home," said Krab.

"Are they labelled?" asked the duck. "They must be labelled."

A goblin came along with a paste-brush and four big paper labels marked *Home*, roughly pasted them on the back and stuck them carelessly on each of the four children. They were inclined to be angry, but the new tempers worked splendidly, and all they said to the goblin was, "You'll catch it from Mother, putting paste on our new frocks;" at which the goblin seemed very frightened and ran off.

"Katawampus seems quite gone, eh?" said Krab; and all the children said they did not feel it at all.

"Well, look out when you get to the Sea of Troubles,' said Krab. "Many a child loses its new temper there, and then it has to come back."

"Now, come on," said the duck; "get those children on board."

A white mouse in a sailor suit was standing by the gangway collecting tickets. "Manners, please! Show your manners!" he shouted, as they came across the plank. The three little girls curtsied as well as they could, for the plank was very narrow; but Tomakin trotted up the plank as fast as he was able, without making any bow at all.

The white mouse ran on deck after him.

"There's a child gone on without any manners," he cried angrily; "bring him back."

Several other white mice in sailor suits came running up as though to turn him off.

"He's only just three," said Olga, "and I thought he could travel without any manners at this age."

"What's the row about?" asked the duck, who had waddled back on to the ship.

"Here's a child without any manners come on board," said one of the sailor mice.

"How old is he?" asked the duck.

"More than three," said the white mouse.

The duck got a large time-table from under one wing, and began to read it by the light of the big ruby.

"Is he a soldier or a sailor, a dog or a parcel?"

"He's neither," said the mouse; "he's a boy."

"If he's a life-buoy," said the duck, "you can hang him up near the cabin and he will be useful when we get wrecked. There's nothing about any other sort of boys here," continued the duck, looking at the book, "but children in arms are free."

"Well," said Olga, lifting him up in both arms, "he's a child in arms, isn't he?"

"Of course he is," said the duck lazily, looking at him for a moment.

The white mouse slunk away and the duck said to Olga, "These mice give me more trouble than they are worth, they run all round the vessel and you can't keep a piece of cheese on board of any kind, and they are always making a muddle about the tickets."

"How many are there?" asked Olga.

"Four-and-twenty," said the duck; "I have to keep that number up, and more than half get drowned every voyage."

"Is there no one to keep them in order?" asked Molly.

"No one," said the duck; and then he shouted to Krab, who was on shore: "I say, old fellow, can't I have something to keep these mice in order?"

"You might have a cat of nine tails," said Krab.

"Well, bring one down, and then I'll start."

"I've only got a kitten," said Krab.

"Well, that's better than nothing; let's have it," said the duck.

A little while afterwards a white kitten with nine tails was brought on board and put down below in the cabin. The children now kissed Krab, who had come on board to say a last good-bye, and each thanked him for their pleasant visit, and Krab stepped on to the shore. The plank was moved; the whistles blew and shrieked again and again. The white mice ran round and round the ship with the kitten after them. The captain on the bridge said, "Quack, quack," as loud as he could, and *The Banana* sailed slowly away down the river.

It was a calm peaceful night, and for a long time no sound could be heard but the "quack, quack" of the captain and the slush of the paddles on the water. The children

sat on deck gazing back towards Krab, who was sitting on a rock by the edge of the river playing on a banjo, while the

litttle goblins danced round him kicking their legs into the air.

After playing a few bars of music Krab burst into a wild song not unlike those the niggers come and sing to you while you are digging sand castles on the beach:

There is Olga like an owl,
And Molly with a scowl,
There is Kate like a Chimpanzee;
They are taking baby brother,
Home to Pater and to Mother,
They have said good-bye to me.

"I a'n't a baby," said Tomakin, somewhat indignantly.

"Why does he call me a chimpanzee?" asked Kate.

"I am not scowling," said Molly; and, indeed, she was smiling.

"He is only doing it to tease us," replied Olga, quietly. "Let us show him we do not mind. That is the best thing to do."

All the children waved their handkerchiefs to Krab and shouted "Good-bye."

Krab seemed delighted, and shrieked out to the goblins: "Chorus, boys!"

The goblins burst out with one accord:

Farewell! Farewell! Farewell, my children four,
You have sailed for Old Kentucky,
And I hope you may be lucky,
When you reach that distant shore.

As soon as the chorus had finished they could hear the tinkling of the banjo again without any other sound for a few moments, and then Krab began singing:

They are driving off from Krab
In a yellow hansom cab,
With an engine and a boiler for a horse.
If they get home late for tea
They will lay the blame on me.
My word!—but their Mother will be cross.

"We shan't really be late for tea, shall we?" asked Kate, anxiously.

"Do you think mother will be angry?" said Molly.

"Why, we have had tea," replied Olga. "He is only teasing. Besides, mother will be angry with Krab, because he should not have kept us so late."

"Poor Krab!" said Tomakin, who did not want mother to be cross with him.

"Never mind," said Olga, "blow him a kiss."

The four children leaned over the bulwarks of the ship and kissed their hands to him.

Krab was in ecstasies. "How those tempers work," he cried. "What beautiful manners! Chorus, you imps!" All the goblins shouted out:

Farewell! Farewell! Farewell, my children four,
You have sailed for Old Kentucky,
And I hope you may be lucky,
When you reach that distant shore.

As this died away they could hear faintly across the waves Krab's clear voice singing again to the tinkling of the banjo. They were the last words of Krab's that they heard, and they often remembered them in after days when they were safe at home.

Oh tempers made of steel
Are like iron to a keel,
Keeping little kiddies upright, firm and taut.
What is naughty is not fun,
So we leave all that undone,
To do just the simple honest thing we ought.

They could not hear Krab shouting out "Chorus!" this

time, but the voices of the goblins were wafted across the water as they took it up once more :

Farewell! Farewell! Farewell, my children four,
You have sailed for old Kentucky,
And I hope you may be lucky,
When you reach that distant shore.

Then they passed round a bend in the river, and Krab and the goblins were seen no more, only for a few hundred yards they could hear the sound of the chorus.

"Where's old Kentucky, Olga?" asked Molly.

"I thought we were going home," said Kate. Tomakin was fast asleep, and several little white mice had crept into his pockets for warmth.

"I'll ask the duck," said Olga.

"Please, Mr. Captain," began Olga, "does this ship go to Kentucky?"

"Quack, quack," answered the duck.

"Don't talk to the duck at the wheel," said a white mouse angrily, "or the ship will stop; ask the kitten of nine tails, and keep him from chasing the sailors if you can."

Olga caught the kitten of nine tails and repeated her question.

"This ship goes to Kentucky, I believe," said the kitten.

"But we want to go home," said all the children, looking rather unhappy.

"Well, Kentucky is home, isn't it?"

"It's not our home," said Olga.

"Well, you had better get out and walk," replied the kitten, wriggling away, bent on chasing white mice.

The river got wider and wider, and the children more and

more miserable, but they did not cry or complain, for their new tempers worked beautifully. The moon went down and the sun rose all gold and orange, and soon afterwards they crossed a lot of white breakers and began to feel the sea breeze and the motion of the waves. The duck now stopped quacking and came off the bridge on to the deck to speak to Olga.

"Couldn't stop quacking before," he explained, "or the ship would have stopped."

"Does the ship really go to Kentucky?" asked Olga.

"No," said the duck, laughing; "that's just a joke of Krab's to see if your tempers fit. Some children lose them, and then they go back again for repairs. The ship is bound for Kentucky of course, but it always gets wrecked long before we get there."

"What happens then?"

"Oh, I swim home, and some of the white mice get drowned, and I don't know what will become of the kitten. You might keep the kitten if you liked."

The children all thanked the duck very politely, and said they would if Mother did not mind; but Olga could not help thinking that, if they were wrecked, it would not much matter about the kitten.

"Now we are coming to the Sea of Troubles," said the duck; and he went below into his cabin.

The children were very glad that Tomakin was asleep. It grew very dark and stormy. The waves were high, the sea got black as ink, and the wind was full of sand which blew into their eyes. They could not see the sun for a thick damp fog that shut it out from sight. They all felt very sick and miserable, and yet so well did their tempers fit that not

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one was cross or even cried at all. Olga had Tomakin on her lap, while Molly and Kate, instead of fighting for the place most out of the wind, did all they could to shelter each other, and both made room for the kitten of nine tails. Big dolphins came and made faces at them, haddocks rolled their eyes round and called them names, and cod-fish put out their tongues at them; but they only kissed their hands back at them and told them to go away and not be silly.

The storm must have been blowing for two hours, when suddenly *The Banana* struck on a rock. The seas dashed over them, and the greedy little mice launched the only boat and sailed off in it, several getting drowned in scrambling into it. The duck came up out of the cabin and swam off without saying even good-bye to the children, and Tomakin woke up and began to cry and say he was cold. There they were all alone on the wreck, with no one but the kitten to help them, and he was in such a fright that eight of his tails dropped off, and left him with only one.

Little by little the stormy sea went down, the sun came out, the fog cleared away, and at last Olga, who had been looking over the side of the ship, shouted out, "Why, Molly, we are just at home!" And so they were. *The Banana* had struck on a rock just opposite their own house and close to the shore, and in a few moments more they had paddled safely on to the beach, carrying Tomakin and the kitten with them.

They walked across the beach to the back door of their home, and as they crossed the yard, they were glad to see Tiny was there, and that he had brought the mail-cart back with him. He must have called at the blacksmith's on the way home, for the wheel of the cart was mended.

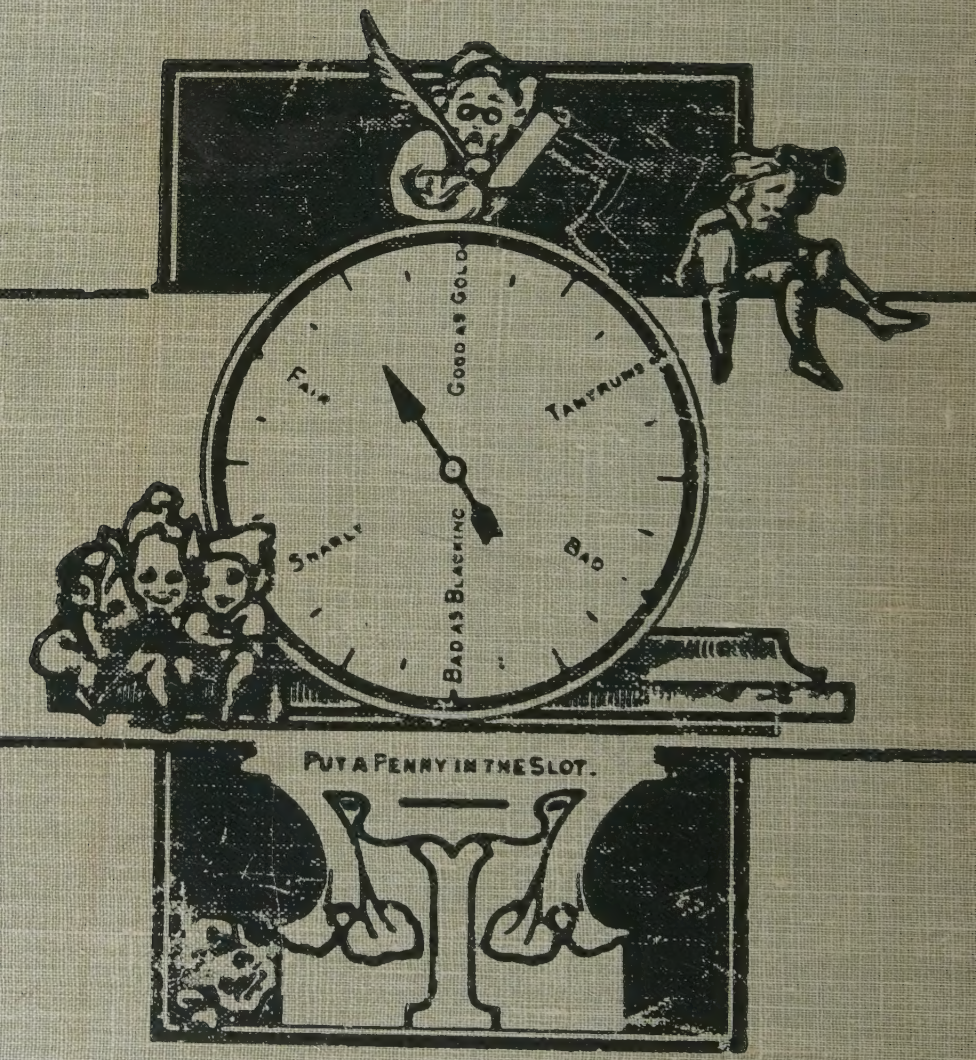
"What shall we tell Pater and Mother?" asked Kate as they stood at the door.

"Why, all about everything, of course," said Olga.

"Give Tomakin the kitten," said Molly, "and Mother will be sure to let him keep it."

So Tomakin took the kitten in his arms, and they all went into the house. Mother and Pater were delighted to see them again, and said they might keep the kitten as long as they were good children. After breakfast Olga told Pater the story of their adventures, and Pater wrote it down just as you have it now. You will be glad to hear they were allowed to keep the kitten till it grew up into a big cat. Their new tempers worked perfectly, their manners were always good, and since the children returned from Caveland, Mother and Pater, the three little girls and the laddie boy, with the white pussy-cat, have lived happily ever afterwards.

Printed by Ballantyne & Co. Limited
Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London


FAIR
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PUT A PENNY IN THE SLOT.